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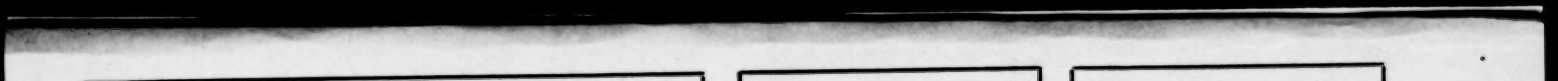

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THE HUMANITIES IN THE WAR-TIME UNIVERSITY

Sir Robert Falconer

HIDEOUS though war is because of the agony it brings both in body and mind, and the ruin of noble material structures, its most enduring evil is the attendant moral deterioration, as human nature, losing restraint, shows at its worst: fierce, vindictive, false, with consequent disaster to civilized life. Western civilization is a delicate and variegated web that has been woven with infinite care for millenia, and the hurricane of war wreaks havoc among its finer filaments. Should the struggle last for years the damage would be irreparable. The weaving cannot continue if multitudes of the most skilful are killed, while abiding hatreds paralyse the weavers who are left. False propaganda will have bred such passions among them that for many years, in a tormented world, they will be unable to work together and resume patterns of universal human value.

How to preserve in totalitarian war the cultural ideals even of one's own people, which have been patiently won, has been giving concern to the most thoughtful. For modern war demands the whole energy and the full resources of the nation. It is fought not only by professionals and regulars. The best fitted physically and mentally are picked out by searching methods for the armies, navies, and air-forces. Those, like the Germans, who have already lost millions killed and irrecoverably wounded, have had their culture sterilized. Germany has been dealt and has dealt herself such devastating blows that for many years she cannot recover her stamina and contribute to a common civilization.

Hardly less essential for modern warfare are the manhood and the womanhood who are called up from every walk of life. Along with average workers come those who have the best experience, skills and aptitudes to devise, equip and operate the most perfect instruments for mechanized forces. There have been organized not only colossal industries but far-reaching systems of transportation, and agriculture has been directed to the supply of both military and civilian needs in many lands; while the financial structure on which all this rests has had to be quickly established, wisely used and adjusted in new and ever changing international and national conditions. One reassuring outcome for us of all

this effort has been the demonstration of capacity in Canadians to deal successfully with transactions of unparalleled difficulty. They have won respect for their intelligence and resolution.

This war is not by any means solely a conflict between brute forces. In its direction intelligence has revealed its hitherto unfathomed powers. The Official Information Bulletin of Soviet Russia issued in Washington has this reflection: "These days of storm and stress are marked by intense intellectual effort. It is the intellect that is behind the epoch-making movements of troops in the greatest battles history has ever known; intellect sets in motion sweeping economic and organizational measures over the length and breadth of the country; intellect burns with an ever brightening flame in the indefatigable work of scientists, workers, engineers, agronomists and doctors. The number of these brain-workers is tremendous; perhaps as many of them as there are manual workers."

There we have it. The capacity of the human intellect for discovering within itself resources and massing them for action, has never been more mightily displayed. It is terribly impressive. The man of vision comprehends and combines forthwith the essential factors in vast problems; the expert in details fills out the patterns. They see, they act, they command. They have immense courage, even ruthlessness, and will not brook hesitation. In the rush, the reflective man who deals in imponderable wares gets scant heed from the throng of passers-by hurrying for prompt action. The wise thinker knows that there is a time to keep silent.

These intellectual achievements may, however, even at such a time as this be over-estimated. By and by the war will be over, and those energies which will have brought its issue will be turned into new channels and, though slowed down, we hope, they will be directed to running new mills for human needs; and will help to produce a higher standard of living for the peoples of the world. But if so, that will not be a matter merely of the larger quantity of goods made possible by the development of manufacture and organization. It will depend quite as much on the spirit that will animate the nations. The determining factor will not be the effectiveness of forceful activities, but the quality of men's hearts and minds. Will they be creative over a wider human field? The question with which we are most deeply concerned is, what kind of spirit will become dominant in the

world? Of one thing we may be certain: sheer intellect combined with will-power cannot weld the nations into a friendly or rational community. Ordinary people fear bare intellect; they do not voluntarily choose too clever persons as their leaders.

Civilization includes far more than the results of intellectual effort. While the conduct of modern war is one manifestation of the enormous power of the intellect, this unprecedented activity is a disaster to civilization, because intellect, when developed without moral purpose and a supreme human end, is destructive of what is most distinctive and worthy in man. Of course we are convinced that we are waging this totalitarian war because unless victory is ours civilization will suffer irretrievably. "Everything won in centuries of travail: the aspiration of fellowship, man's dignity, principles of right slowly established and cherished, freedom of the arts, courtesies, pity and common human affection —the whole tradition of humanism is involved" (*Times Literary Supplement*).

Our enemies are fully alive to the power of the humane tradition. So they have dealt ruthlessly with universities and churches. Even the Japanese have tried to destroy all institutions of higher education in Old China, because from them, they knew, would issue leaders of its cultural heritage to create centres of resistance. The totalitarian state cannot venture to have hearths and homes of humanism keep aglow the fire of faith and hope. But the Germans know well, indeed none better, the utilitarian functions of the professional faculties. Nowhere has scientific medicine made greater progress than in Germany, and the amazing applications of engineering science to industry are only too obvious in the present war. Germans say as eagerly as Canadians to their universities: Give us doctors, give us engineers. Yet they close universities which have been famous for centuries for their "philosophical" faculties, the nearest though not the exact counterpart of our faculties of Arts, whose pride was in their academic freedom to pursue their investigations and propound their hypotheses undisturbed by any outside restraint.

Our people in war-time, thus far, have been willing to keep the universities running without more than reasonable reductions, though now and then ominous remarks are heard concerning the faculties of Arts. But such remarks are hardly more than the expression of the popular conception, held even in peace-time,

that the value of a university to the community rests on the obviously useful professional faculties. People are well enough aware that science has lowered the death rate and reduced the incidence of disease; they have heard of the spectacular discoveries of physics and chemistry and that they have led to astonishing industrial inventions. On these grounds governments and benefactors have made large grants and generous gifts for researches in university laboratories. But when support is asked for the humanities the response is not so ready, though the church colleges have, through their appeal to commingled religious and humanistic motives, secured generous contributions. One is commonly told that the staffs of the humanity departments are, though the least costly, extravagantly large, and the intangible researches not worth what is spent upon them. Yet it is in the humanities that the spirit of the university has its inmost home. That spirit guards freedom itself for all the faculties, and refuses to accept their partial embodiments of it as the full interpretation of its ideal. The average citizen listens incredulously if he is told that his own freedoms would wilt were this spirit to be driven from our institutions of education. He sees his freedom in the concrete, as, for example, his political privileges, the freedom of the press, collective bargaining, the autonomy of the church. Any suggestion that these rights are being tampered with will whip up strong feeling. Yet he is seldom aware that the most sacred freedom is the spiritual autonomy of his own personality. Now it is in this realm that the university, as a society within the larger community, fulfils its most unique function. It lives only as its teachers and students can be true to their inmost thought. It must have a pure atmosphere for the mind to work in. Heated popular opinion rarifies the atmosphere and lowers the vitality of the university. The individual quickened by the air he breathes must be free to follow whither the trails of explorers may lead and, if he can, even to prospect on his own.

The humanities are so called because they concern man as a person, his real self. They provide a liberal education because they liberate his spiritual freedom. Professor Gilbert Murray has defined *humanitas* as "the pursuit of *ta kala*, the things we aspire to, as opposed to *ta anangkaia*, the necessities of life" such as mere professional skills and traditions. They consist especially of literature, philosophy, æsthetics, historical and political studies,

jurisprudence and religion. Mathematics and the pure sciences are also to be included as intellectual virtues demanding rigid veracity in reasoning, which is a human function of a supreme order. A modern school of logical positivists, of whom Bertrand Russell is the most widely known exponent, claim that even mathematics may not have any non-intellectual reality corresponding to its constructions. Assuming, however, that mathematics and the natural sciences do deal with reality, they evoke not only intellectual virtues, but the powers of the imagination attendant upon them. They liberate the mind which comes to understand nature, and, as Pascal said, "By space the Universe encompasses and swallows me as an atom, by thought I encompass it." The values of the humanities as usually defined, have not the objectivity of mathematics and the natural sciences, being verifiable neither by trial and measurement nor by physically experienced results. But they deal with truth. Truth of a different order rather than veracity of fact is their characteristic. Their universals lie in the constitution of human nature, the functions of man as such, good and æsthetic as well as true, the demand for justice and the right of freedom to work out one's aspirations and ideals; and so they make possible civilized human intercourse and culture. Man contemplates and tries to understand the outer universe in which his life is set; he goes on speculative voyagings through the whole realm of existence; he seeks also to comprehend the invisible universe of ideas of which God has given him a glimpse in his own soul; he ponders on the organism of human society and his place in it; he glories in the artistic and literary creations of the human race, and in the record of man's mastery over external nature as an indication of the quality and power of his mind.

Man's control of the material order and his provision within it of a suitable abode for himself on earth is what we call civilization, and the spirit that holds it together is his culture. Civilization has been slowly built upon imponderable, invisible foundations. Traditions both of the race and of each country are a cement that holds together the structures which are added to civilization by each generation. If the traditions crumble, or are forcibly removed without being replaced by others of better consistency to stand the changed atmosphere of a new age, there is danger that the blocks out of which civilization is built will topple over. Potent ideas infect social culture and ways of life very quickly. This has been

obvious in the period which we have just passed through. New conceptions of man's origin, nature and destiny have revolutionized moral ideals and practice, and have changed the tone of popular literature. Values hitherto assigned to personality have deteriorated; scepticism as to their worth or as to any universals in conduct has prevailed widely.

Our Western, especially our Anglo-Saxon, culture is derived from two main sources: Græco-Roman and Hebraic. Both these traditions are rooted in the belief in the worth and freedom of the individual with his rights in a lawfully ordered society. Behind this stand moral obligations with divine sanctions. We have been tenacious of these convictions. The Anglican tradition, cultural and social, and the Scottish democratic ideals, both very powerful nationally, are ancient and honourable. The long continued process of translating the Bible into English has made it the Book of British peoples. Shakespeare, the Elizabethan age with its revived study of the Latin and Greek classics,* Milton and his successors, have given its character to British education. The spread of ability to read, however, without the culture to distinguish what is worth reading, has in the opinion of good judges brought with it deterioration in ideals and manners. If our culture is now to change, this will be due not to the present war but to the radically new ideas which have over a generation come into conflict with our older humanities. If democracy is to prevail and be improved, according to our type, it must learn wisdom in judging essential values. Society will grow truly democratic only as the individual uses the best aids at his disposal to realize wisely his own personality and to respect that of others. Persons have to be educated into the meaning and the use of freedom. Indeed this process is true education. There can be no real democracy unless the finest traditions are maintained by those who understand their moral and intellectual values. This is a function of our universities. Free in spirit they conserve what has been approved as best, and give direction to the young mind for the realization of its genuine freedom. It would be a strange reversal of fortune if the institu-

*"The upper class [in the eighteenth century] regarded the Greeks and Romans as honorary Englishmen, their precursors in liberty and culture, and the Roman Senate as the prototype of the British Parliament—the only civilization which could claim to be as classical, as poised, as enlightened and as artistic as the fortunate present" (G. M. Trevelyan, *Social History of England*, p. 340).

tions which guard the principles of our culture should be allowed to suffer damage just when we are loud in our protestation that we are fighting the foes of our civilization and our religion.

Too often an Arts training is regarded, even if not as a perquisite of the rich, yet as something of an accessory, not as primary for the promotion of our distinctive culture and as essential to civilized life. Half a century ago the city of Toronto looked askance at University College as an institution which contributed little to its real interests. It was thought to be a centre of intellectual, if not of moneyed and social, privilege with ideals and pursuits of airy substance. Of the professors, an intellectual aristocracy in the Norman pile off by itself in the quiet retreat of Queen's Park, some were curiosities, mere children in practical affairs, who, to use Earl Balfour's description of philosophers, "to the world at large seem to sit (as it were) far apart from their fellow-men, seeking wisdom by methods hard of comprehension, and gently quarrelling with each other in an unknown tongue." Students were thought of as a group of irresponsibles given to pranks and loitering on the way to the time when they would have to work in earnest for a living. This view was of course extreme, and, in general, intelligent people had respect for an Arts education. But I have been challenged, and that not so many years ago, by a leader at the Bar as to the desirability of an Arts degree as a qualification for a course in Law. He insisted, in all earnestness, that such studies are a waste of time for one who is to become a practising lawyer, and he tried to prove his contention by counting successes at the Bar of men who had never been at a university. On the other hand, lawyers of at least equal eminence who had not taken an Arts training, have greatly regretted to me their loss.

In the humanities there are real if not tangible resources for the strengthening of one's inner life. How much of our day we live with ourselves in thoughts from which we may draw refreshment to run our race. As we think in our hearts so we really are; and happy is he who has reserves which he may call up, not only, as Lord Macaulay did when he was so overwhelmed with grief that he could not bear to be alone, as a solace or a diversion, but to fortify himself and clarify his judgment for his daily duties. Though the value of the humanities cannot be demonstrated to the unreceptive by visible proof, just as religious belief is not created by argument, they should add something of recognizable worth

to those who have caught even a little of their spirit. What are the fruits of literature, philosophy, æsthetics or history? is a question which will not down. Have Arts graduates in general a tolerant mind, an unprejudiced judgment, a truer interest in the welfare of society, and a character notably resistant to the tremendous wear and tear to which life is exposed? A generally favourable answer may, I believe, be made. Specifically, graduates are showing up well in this war, which is offering them wide and varied opportunities to perform highly important services for the state. In public offices and in other positions, professors and Arts graduates are voluntarily putting their well-trained intelligence at the service of the country, and they deal so effectively with problems of quite new complexity as to dispel the notion that humane studies and practical activities are incompatible associates.

In emphasizing the value of the study of the humanities it may be observed that, while academic freedom is essential for all the faculties, it is most intensely defended by the faculty of Arts. Any restriction of such freedom in the humanities and the pure sciences is protested as affecting their very *raison d'être*. In a university Academic Freedom is what the ideal of Democracy is in the state. Obedient though educated people are to authority, indeed more so than others, they are less given to mere conformity, and realize that if they are to preserve human values for the advantage both of themselves and others, they must not allow the framework and the temporary ordinances of authority to come down as a deadweight on their spirits and crush out spiritual freedom. Biologists and psychologists must be free to propound hypotheses which may revolutionize traditional views as to the origin of man and the nature of his soul; historians, economists, and political scientists must not be inhibited in the use of their scientific method because their results conflict with the interests of groups or parties; students of literature, whether "profane or sacred," must be allowed to interpret it according to canons of historical criticism, even if their findings challenge time-honoured ecclesiastical or social tenets. Philosophy, notwithstanding its traditional calm, may be provocative of intense feelings, especially when it removes the landmarks of its neighbour, theology. The humanities and the pure sciences, though affording placid intercourse with serene minds, are in reality disciplines of immensely explosive as well as constructive potency. Academic freedom constantly calls for defence in all the faculties, but the most real danger is likely to occur in the

humanities and the pure sciences, the latter, more especially in recent times, as their theories may disturb philosophic, ethical, and religious thought.

If the democracies are aware, as surely they are coming to be, that the most essential aim for which they are fighting is the preservation of their culture based on freedom and the values of personality, they cannot allow the way in which they conduct the war to do enduring damage to it. Sir William Beveridge has remarked: "Democracies make war for peace, not war for its own sake. They fight better if they know what they are fighting for after the war." On every hand counsel is given, prepare for a new order; which, however, does not mean revolutionary change, but the carrying over, purified and enriched, of the civilization and culture which we have inherited and developed. We cannot afford to neglect our "classics"; by which I mean those literatures ancient and modern which contain in the purest style and with the most complete intellectual candour, the ideals of thought and the conceptions of conduct which have given us our character and way of life, and which we wish to preserve. Our "classics" are not the same as those of other civilizations, but we hold to them, not merely because they are our own, but because we believe that in them are found universal principles, the best for mankind, of law and justice, of righteousness and freedom, of truth and beauty, of good will and generosity. These values, though expressed in concrete national particularities, make for healthy society anywhere.

It seems to me that, thus far, partly because of its ancient and deeply rooted tradition, partly because of the severity of its experience in this war, the British people are more likely than other Anglo-Saxons to preserve their spiritual inheritance and to seek to enrich it. An eminent American observer wrote recently from overseas: "The great catastrophes of history have their moral uses. . . . The determination to re-construct British society, the hope of building a better future, have gripped the nation from top to bottom." He then proceeds: "The college life of Britain held up much longer than our own because the army allowed every eighteen-year old to have one year of college before inducting him. . . . There will be little liberal arts education after this June (1943), but it lasted three years longer under war conditions than with us." A writer in the *Times Literary Supplement*, in the same month, complains: "We have universities but we may not educate our youth in the humanities." In the Scottish universities the pressure

on manpower has become so great that only those who are medically unfit or otherwise exempted are likely to get more than a year in Arts at the university. Women under eighteen on this September 30 will be allowed to remain for three years and those under nineteen for two, provided they make normal progress and satisfy the authorities that they intend to go on to work of "national importance." But already Scotland sees troubles ahead: "The teaching profession, the Church, Law and the higher Civil Service are so short of men that there is increasing anxiety as to how the needs of the nation will be met after the War." However both in England and Scotland there is such a powerful tradition, and the highest schools are so good, that a sound education based on the humanities will have been given to large numbers of those young people who will become the leaders of the nation.

But if Britain is concerned about the effect of the war on its education, the United States may well be more so. Apart from the leading cities and long-settled communities, the country as a whole has not reserves of well-educated people on whom to draw, and it may be doubted whether the issues at stake in regard to human civilization at large have yet been grasped with understanding by the many, who until lately have been strongly isolationist and who have not inherited a deeply rooted humane culture. Much confusion reigns as to the values of liberal education. At a meeting of the American Association of Colleges, attended by five hundred presidents and deans, a proposal was accepted by which, according to President-Emeritus W. A. Neilson, "Education in the liberal arts for men is out for the duration"; a decision which has come, he says, as a heavy blow to most college and university faculties. The spectacular development of the American universities in the past generation has been in their professional, scientific, and post-graduate faculties; and, as was natural in a people so highly gifted with practical intelligence and versatile capacity, these institutions have been easily shifted over to the war effort. The Council of the Association of Colleges replied to an astonishing question from the military authorities that "educators were not prepared to assert that the 'intangible values' of a liberal arts education would make soldiers better fighters." But to leave it at that shows that the "educators" were very muddled. Taken at this as their final word by the military authorities, they have assisted in darkening the future of liberal arts faculties and colleges.

But what about ourselves? For English-speaking Canada I should not claim a more basically humane culture than there is in the older parts of the United States. Indeed it is doubtful whether a widespread distinctive Canadian type exists. French-Canadian culture stands by itself. English-speaking, of the original stocks, while diffused across the Dominion, is vigorous only in university centres. And like our universities it is based on British traditions with an infusion from our neighbours. We are in the process of developing our own culture, but it is still a tender plant. It is not so deeply rooted as to endure too wintry days.

Considering what has happened elsewhere since the war began, our liberal education has been reasonably dealt with. The attitude of the federal National Selective Service towards Arts students has been intelligent. Men students admitted regularly to the university, that is in Toronto by senior matriculation, obtain deferment of military service for one year. Those in mathematical and scientific courses defined "as essential to the national interest or contributing to the prosecution of the war" continue at the university for the completion of their work, and may not enlist in any of the armed services without permission of the authorities. Those in other Arts courses are liable to be called up at any time after the first year.

This policy means that the structure of the Arts studies is being maintained sufficiently so that students looking to positions in life for which an Arts training is necessary are still being given the opportunity to begin it; and when peace comes the faculty will stand ready to complete the university education of those who return and of the new incoming generation. Canada will need far more first-class scholars and scientists in the future than we have hitherto produced, and we shall not be able to make up our deficiencies from other countries. There need be no hesitation in encouraging the best students, even among the physically fit, to continue, until they are called, their courses which lead to teaching and research; for the country will want them. It is less certain that students in pass-courses should be advised to stay, at any rate for more than two years. By that time, on the present basis of entrance in Toronto, undergraduates who are worthy to remain at the university should be able to get a real insight into well-chosen humanities, and receive a good deal of the advantage of such an education. After they return from the war, they would be able to complete their courses for a degree. Their war-experience would

have brought them maturity and a refresher year might qualify them to enter upon post-graduate work.

Most of those who are physically fit will wish to give immediate service to their country in her time of stress and strain. The highly gifted intellectually are usually also morally sensitive, and they will make their own decisions. Perhaps each university might have a committee of its wisest members to aid students who may be in difficulty; but this is a moral question which must ultimately be answered by the student himself.

Even if the war continues longer than at present seems probable, those who are unable to go on active service will be a nucleus, a holding-force as it were, who will be invaluable for the resumption of work in the teaching, ministerial, legal and other professions when peace comes. There is this further hopeful outlook: After the last war we discovered how rapidly most of those had matured, who wished either to resume interrupted courses or to begin their studies. Except for the few who had been nervously upset and could not keep their attention fixed for long periods on their books, most were more deeply in earnest and learned more quickly than the average undergraduate. Moreover the federal government will aid, with living-allowances and fees, discharged students who may wish to take or complete a university course. At the end of the last war, in spite of repeated representations made by the universities of the Dominion, this was not done, because the charge of class favouritism was feared. Then, the need for aid was partly met by funds raised through the efforts of the Alumni, and partly by sympathetic action of the University Governors in regard to fees.

Those who have at heart the welfare of the humanities should broaden and enrich the Arts courses and raise the standards. These are now high in the honour courses, but too many of them have become too specialized. The humanities offer varied values, and the student should have the advantage of the different types. To study the humanities is not so simple a matter as the imposition of compulsory Latin or classical literature alone. The study of the English language and literature especially is essential for all. Some insight into philosophy and ethics, some survey of history and political science, some understanding of mathematics and pure science, enter as well into a liberal education. Teachers must be broad-minded and must be, by what and how they teach, the best advocates of the humanities before an indifferent public.

War-time would occasion less risk to the humanities if our secondary education were improved in variety and quality. It has for long been insisted that the years from sixteen to eighteen could be better used than they are at present. Recently a "New Charter" for the education of Britain's children has been laid down in a *White Paper* that aims at opening the field of secondary education to every student, and provides an "equality of opportunity" long sought by British educationalists. In Ontario similar aims have been going into effect to some extent. Matriculation into the university no longer controls these last two years. The collegiate institutes might, at least in most large towns, become centres for a broader and more intensive training in the humanities. The courses of study in these subjects laid down by the Department of Education are broadly conceived. They aim at the good use of language, precision in words and correct habits of speech, as well as the creation of a sense of expression and appreciation of literature. This is all important for accurate thinking and for social intercourse among intelligent people. Also through the study of English literature and history alongside that of other cultures, especially French and the older classical, the quality of our own is more richly yielded. In these years, too, the foundations of the historical, geographical, and social sciences are to be laid. It seems to me that the time is not far off when Hebrew literature, which is basic for our civilization, will be studied in the English Bible as an option.

The future of the school in regard to the study of the humanities depends upon the teachers. Those who live up to the finest ideals will be able to inspire their scholars with a real appreciation of them. This will be a most important result for the community; for, through those who would not enter a university (far the larger number) the spirit of the humanities would become more widely diffused. Those who would complete the courses in the best schools might easily cover the ground of the first year of the new pass course at the University of Toronto. This would not mean that these schools would give the same training as the university. There the undergraduate enters a new society and atmosphere. He is freer to develop as he will, and, being more mature, he can understand better what is implied in language, literature and the processes of thought, and indeed the varied values of the humanities. If the lingering studies of the school grade were removed from the university it would perform its own function more completely.

CHARLES DOUGHTY (1843-1926)

BARKER FAIRLEY

IT is putting it mildly to say that Charles Doughty is not a widely read author. Even *Travels in Arabia Deserta*—the best known of his books—was out of print for fifteen out of the fifty years or so that have passed since its appearance, nor is it easy today to find any who have more than a nodding acquaintance with it. His other books—poems almost entirely—are following the same slow pattern. Slow, but not, it would seem, stationary. *Arabia Deserta* in its entirety was reprinted by Jonathan Cape in 1921 after an interval of thirty-three years; now in the present year—the centenary year of Doughty's birth—another long work, *The Dawn in Britain*, has been reprinted by the same publisher after an interval of thirty-six years. It remains to be seen whether *Adam Cast Forth*, first published thirty-five years ago, will follow the same course.

This may seem a curious phenomenon, but it is not without a certain logic. Those who know Doughty will probably agree that the purpose and character of his work is more intelligible to us now than it was when he wrote and that there is less excuse today for not understanding him. In a very real sense—though not one that will be immediately apparent to the hurried reader—his work belongs to the upheaval that we are now passing through and that he in his own way foresaw; and this is perhaps why instead of shrinking in the stress of events, as so many recent writers have done, he rises easily to the occasion, gains more than loses by what is now happening, and becomes, as it were, one of ourselves, sharing and—spiritually—helping to solve our common problem.

The evidences of this are not all of one sort. To begin with—though this is only a minor aspect of the question—it will be clear to any who care to look at his two poems of modern England, *The Cliffs* and *The Clouds*—both written before 1914—that he knew the kind of wars we were in for in the twentieth century far better than most of his contemporaries and set it all down—rudely enough, but with considerable force—as a warning to his country, and, while this does not constitute his chief claim on our attention, it offers an obvious point of departure at the moment. What he treats of in these poems is nothing less than the invasion of England by a

European power, which, if not explicitly named, can be no other than Germany. In the first poem, *The Cliffs*, the danger of invasion is only threatened, but in *The Clouds* it becomes a reality, and the rout and retreat of the population through devastated country—the like of which has recently been enacted in other parts—takes place on English soil. It is worth noting in 1943, though it seemed far-fetched once, that the invasion is made possible by a double attack with airplane and with submarine—not preceded by a declaration of war—on the British fleet, thus depriving it at a blow of its command of the sea.

But, remarkable in content as these poems are, they will scarcely be held to occupy anything like a central place in Doughty's work. Far from it. They impress us rather as things that he stepped aside from his main purpose to write, even sacrificing something of his poetic integrity—too much, one is tempted to say—in order to deliver an urgent message. But it may be that for him the disparity between this phase of his work and the rest was not as pronounced as it is for us, because he had spent no inconsiderable part of his life—and recently whole years at a stretch—over *The Dawn in Britain*, a poem that treats of other invasions and chiefly of the invasion of Celtic Britain by the Romans, and it was open to him to say that in composing *The Cliffs* and *The Clouds* he was only shifting from the first century to the twentieth—a mere step—without making any fundamental change of subject. Indeed, in both of these poems and especially in his "proeme" to *The Clouds* he insisted on the connection and treated it as vital to his argument.

> What marvel, if Isle Britains soil, once more
> Invaded were? wherein so manifest scars,
> Of wounds received, in many former wars,
> Remain! Where is not of the Invader's foot;
> Reaving, manslaying, burning, as he went;
> Some token in Britains earth?

Conversely, he might have said to those who refrained from tackling *The Dawn in Britain* because, for one thing, it dealt with matters too remote to concern them, that perhaps these matters were not as remote as they thought and that what happened to their distant ancestors might also happen to them. Reading *The Dawn in Britain* today and remembering all that is going on in occupied territory, it is surprising how recognizable and how authentic the savage warfare between Romans and Britons proves

to be. There cannot be many poems anywhere that bring out as this poem does the struggle—familiar to us now—of a whole nation, men and women alike, using every means they can devise, to free their soil from an oppressor—the men, in default of proper weapons, fighting on with whatever comes to hand,

> slings, cattle-goads,
> Bats, grass-hooks, woodbills, bounden on long staves;

the women in a beleaguered town—Glevum, now Gloucester—giving their hair to make bow-strings or fishing-nets; a band of guerillas setting a forest-trap by part-cutting and roping trees so as to drop them at a chosen moment on marching Roman soldiers and take them at a disadvantage, or, with the help of another subterfuge, going into the Roman camp with a drove of cattle which, being stampeded there,

> on their wide-embowéd horns, bear forth,
> And trample, as cockt hay, the tents of soldiers,

whereupon, reaching the edge of the camp, the men turn the cattle round

> like as ploughman, at his furlong's end,

and drive them back and out again. There is sea warfare of the same sort. A British flotilla of twelve vessels lands at coastal points held by the enemy and burns crops and houses, or, coming upon Roman vessels in dim moonlight, fires them with pots of flaming pitch and makes off again. Sometimes, as now, the gods—or, as we prefer to say, chance or the weather—play their part, as when a tidal wave on the East Coast—"vast waters' wall, with plunging foot"—catches a Roman legion

> in angry surges, twixt sharp cliff,
> And folding flood,

and drowns it to the last man.

The difference today is in armaments only. The luck, the courage, the endurance, the inventiveness—the poem tells us—were the same then as now. Even more compellingly than these vivid details does the long agony of the struggle, dragging on year after year, force upon us the parallel with today. The war Doughty describes is—with external differences—the sort of war that has descended upon the world in our time. Unlike so many of the wars in intervening centuries, it is not a partial affair of mercenaries and onlookers—as, in the main, the Napoleonic wars were—but it is a war of the people, involving everybody and sparing none. The

very features that link this primitive warfare with what we are now witnessing—the continental scale of the action, the mass movement of populations and armies over wide areas, the half-anonymity of the leading characters in a conflict too vast to be personal, the endless guerilla fighting that comes of itself when a whole nation is drawn in—are those which have notoriously stood in the way of a poem that is turning out to be nearer to us than we suspected.

> Britons, war-captives, must fell holy trees,
> Char coal, fire lime, delve clay; burn Roman bricks.
> They lay mule-loads, on Briton warriors' necks.
> Makes each centurion levy, where he will,
> Of the land's youth; and shall those fight, as soldiers,
> Beyond the seas, and die a Roman death!

We know little enough about this English poet who—perhaps alone in his time—had the vision and the temper that accord with the present crisis. When asked once for biographical information he replied that he was "a private man" whose "brief existence" could have but little importance for others. And to the extent that his works stand securely on their own feet and do not need to be propped, there is a sense in which he was right. We can see from the documents that lie before us—the works themselves and Hogarth's scanty account of the life—that he acted from the start on a very profound impulse—one of the determining impulses of modern humanity, as our scientists know—namely, the impulse to go back, not just part of the way, but as far back as the record would take him, into the very beginnings—the origins—of human life. And we can see too that he yielded to this impulse, not romantically with a view to escaping from his age—the escapist only goes a little way back and then prudently stops—but constructively, in the hope of checking and correcting what he felt to be decadent in it. Whether he first looked back and then forward or first forward and then back, we are not able to determine. All we know is that the motive of regenerating—of making a new world—and the motive of recovering—of drawing on the old world—are so closely and implicitly related in his writings—especially in his poetic writings—that they seem to be one and the same motive—the motive of "getting back to the start."

This is why Doughty instead of revealing a dark and dying life in the centuries behind him reveals a growing one. The farther he travels into the past, the younger it becomes. There is no other poet—not forgetting Chaucer or Blake or Walt Whitman—who

plants us down so firmly in the "Morning of the World," as he calls it, in which the sense of the sun rising, of the light coming, of nature waking re-invigorated from sleep, and of life's enterprise beginning, confronts us everywhere, both in the idyllic parts of his work where he touches on the Garden of Eden or the Golden Age and in the terrible parts where all is death and destruction.

> Vast tide of Light! new day is rising forth;
> And heavens o'erspreads. Now fadeth, as a dream,
> Not well remembered, shadow of night past.

This note—more pagan than Christian—of the dawn returning and of strength returning with it—"cometh up the Giant Sun"—is the one that seems to recur oftenest in Doughty; everywhere we encounter in him the conception or the vision of the early world made new and of human history just beginning. This, we must infer, was the basic thing he wanted to "say" to his fellowmen, believing—and, it would seem, rightly believing—that the time was coming when they would need it.

> Before all things that be, I-Am, God was:
> When yet there Height was not, nor Depth nor Place.
> AM only was. All-God's creating Breath
> Filled the infinite Void, with mingled fiery Mist;
> Whence, when on Height the heaven established was;
> And in their courses ordered were the Stars;
> Sea-flood and Earth-dust, to the Depth fell forth.

A lichen grows not in this land of sunny drought, and the baked soil is merely naked, without blade: in the passage of time, of human observation, there is no sensible elemental waste.

The carcase of the planet is alike, everywhere: it is but the outward clothing that is diverse,—the gift of the sun and rain.

> Where fallen soft showers; there minute hubbubs rise,
> Of midges rife. Some hang in dank wood side,
> A silver cloud; some thorny thickets haunt.

> Even as all living things, from their first source,
> Increase: so shall be multiplied on the Earth,
> Now Adam. Shall Man's Seed be, midst Earth's beasts,
> As flowers amongst green grass. Even now beginneth
> The World.

Around this central notion of life and mankind and civilization beginning Doughty's works can be seen to group themselves with remarkable solidarity. First in order of conception, his poetic interpretation of English origins, *The Dawn in Britain*, in which

he brings his native country to life at an epoch so remote that we should have thought it irrecoverable, thereby enlarging its spiritual territory and, so to speak, fortifying it in the present; and next, and growing out of it, his study of Arabia, in which he set down his record of the most primitive life and the most primitive landscape he was able to experience at first-hand, the life of the nomads in the desert, "tent-dwellers, inhabiting, from the beginning, as it were beyond the world"—this is *Travels in Arabia Deserta*—and then the same primitive life traced back imaginatively to its source in Adam, our first father—this is the poem, *Adam Cast Forth*, in which he may be said to have reached the elemental starting-point that he had been seeking all along. Having written these three books—he was now in his middle sixties—his real work was done. The poems that follow, whether they try—on the whole unsuccessfully—to break new ground, as in the prophetic books, or go back over old ground that has already been fully explored, as in *The Titans* and *Mansoul*, are quite secondary. Nor need this be wondered at, when we consider how rounded and complete the main works are.

The resources that Doughty brought to bear on this concentrated task were unusual. He had begun as a student of the natural sciences, chiefly geology—his first published work was a study of Norwegian glaciers—and by the time he came to make poetry his life-work—somewhere in his twenties—the scientific habit was firmly rooted in him; moreover, it continued to operate in all his studies, not detaching itself from his poetic life or conflicting with it, but reinforcing it and even guiding it, so that—almost for the first time in English literature—we find an imaginative writer, a poet, in whom the two disciplines—the discipline of poetry and the discipline of science—are fully matured and harmonized. The value of this needs no stressing today. It is by virtue of just such a fusion of science and poetry that we regard Goethe as one who is still our contemporary, and in so far as Doughty shows it he is our contemporary too.

What makes Doughty's case particularly easy to examine is that by a fortunate accident, if we can call it that, he wrote *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, a creative work of the strictest documentation, in which all his experience—and all his integrity—as a man of science was brought into play. Travelling alone in the Arabian desert for most of two years with little money, few instru-

ments, and very moderate health, he managed to study the contour of the Peninsula so accurately that he was able to explain its geography—hitherto not well understood—to the satisfaction of the experts. This in itself would be enough to make his journey important, yet it was only a by-product, like the ancient inscriptions that he ostensibly went to seek. So completely has he recorded the life in all its aspects of the Arabia he saw—its outward appearance, its people—that it would seem as if he has seen everything and set everything down. His book has proved indispensable for all who study Arabia. On the one hand, it was used by the Arab Bureau in the war of 1914-18 as a guide and text-book for military purposes, while, on the other hand, there are those who maintain that you don't understand the Bible—a book that came out of the desert—until you have been in the desert with Doughty. One of his reviewers summed it up when he said that it was not a book, but a continent.

The collecting of his material must have been arduous beyond words. If it is the test of a scientist that he is true to his faith, no matter what the circumstances, then Doughty is indeed one of the elect. In *Arabia Deserta* we can see him scrupulously observing and recording the data he needs at times when more ordinary mortals would think only of their comfort, their stomachs, or their lives, for there were times when his life was imperilled. But the note-taking goes on just the same: it is almost as if he were another looking on, so detached is he, so little concerned with anything that happens to him personally. When he is thrown off his camel, which has bolted in rocky ground, he thinks only of his barometer. "In falling I had a heedful thought of my aneroid barometer; and by happy fortune the delicate instrument, which I held in my hand was not shaken." On another occasion he is in danger of being left in the lurch by his travelling-companions among strangers whom he cannot trust, but it makes no difference, his impersonal comments overload the paragraph, as if his apprehensiveness, far from blunting his powers of observation, had only served to sharpen them. There is not a point in the whole of this immense narrative —in which the sense of danger is never far away—where he can be found at fault. No matter what the topic—gardening, horses, diseases, implements, buildings, trade—he has the needed grasp of it and speaks with authority. For patience and accuracy on the

part of a weary traveller consider the following paragraph—one among many hundreds—about the wells at Aneyza.

> These were sultry days; and in the hours of most heat I commonly found (in our arbour) 97°F., with heavy skies. The wells are of five, four and three fathoms, as they lie lower towards the Wady; and a furlong beyond, the water is so nigh that young palm-sets in pits should need no watering after a year or two. The thermometer in the well-water—which in this air seemed cool, showed 87° F. A well sunk at the brim of the Nefûd yields fresh ground-water; but wells made (lower) in the gá are somewhat brackish. Corn, they say, comes up better in brackish ground; and green corn yellowing in sweet land may be restored by a timely sprinkling of salt. All the wells reek in the night air: the thermometer and the tongue may discern between well-waters that lie only a few rods asunder: the water is cooler which rises from the sandstone, and that is warmer which is yielded from crevices of the rock.

Almost any other traveller coming out of the wilds with this mountain of data would be content to throw it at our feet and be done with it. But not Doughty. He was in his own eyes a poet and was determined to make the English of his book as adequate as he could. In consequence of this resolve, we find him spending four times as long on the writing as he had spent on the journey, employing all the resources of English that he could muster and in the end giving about twelve years of his life to a project that he might have got rid of in three. The result is a book that is as much an original contribution to literature—one might almost say poetic literature—as it is an original contribution to science. Yet it is all one book; we are quite unable to say where science stops and literature begins, or *vice versa*. The two interpenetrate one another and can be seen in conjunction throughout—in the baldest passages and in the most opulent passages. By insisting on being poet and scientist at the same time he did not split his book in two, he simply gave us a completer, a more fully re-created, Arabia than would otherwise have been possible.

When it comes to a work like *The Dawn in Britain*, dealing not with a piece of the real world but with the ancient, the union of poetry and science is less easily demonstrable. But it will be apparent that in so far as the two can be brought together in a work of the imagination, Doughty strove to do it, studying the monuments and the history that were available to him as deliberately as he had studied the face of Arabia and not resting until he had brought his record of time past as close as he could to what he believed must have happened. This does not make it a scientific work in the sense of *Arabia Deserta*, but it makes science contribu-

tory to it and gives it a truthfulness, a realism, never before sustained at this heroic pitch. Similarly the shorter poem, *Adam Cast Forth*, which is unlike all previous treatments of the myth of Adam in having a trained knowledge of Adam's territory behind it and in drawing on this knowledge throughout. When Doughty lets Satan soliloquize he does not give free rein to his fancy or his speculations, but he remembers the sand-wastes and the lava-fields of Arabia, and writes accordingly.

> Tumbled the sharded mountains up my foot,
> From the low Plain; on heaps, I spurned them thus.
> Such horns then and high places of Earth's dust,
> I, for my pastime, overthrew again,
> When I was wroth. These ruins of hard rocks,
> My fingers crumble as a little dust.
> In my displeasure, ofttime mine hot breath
> Kindled the Earth beneath: then flowed forth rocks;
> The hills dissolved were, as an honey-comb.

It is the same when he writes of Adam in the whirlwind, or of the meeting of Adam and Adama after their separation, or of Adama lying awake in the desert night.

> I might not sleep, for aching weariness.
> Of hard sharp craig-stone, under this bruised flank.
> O neath heaven's high clear stars, how it is cold!

Arabia Deserta, for those who know it, is present in every line of this poem—even at its most visionary moments.

As for the kind of language—the style—that Doughty wrote, it has all the qualities of his mind—a very uncommon and independent mind—and expresses them precisely, whether it is prose he writes or verse. Finding that the Victorian English was unfitted to his purpose—as all will agree—he modified it to suit his need, allowing the radical impulse that had dictated all else—all his studies in literature and science, all his wanderings—to invade the medium in which he wrote. It was his settled belief that the mental life of a nation was closely bound up with its speech—poetic or unpoetic—and that if the one decayed the other decayed with it. In a postscript to *The Dawn in Britain* he said: "It is the prerogative of every lover of his Country, to use the instrument of his thought, which is the Mother-tongue, with propriety and distinction; to keep that reverently clean and bright, which lies at the root of his mental life, and so, by extension, of the life of the community: putting away all impotent and disloyal vility of speech, which is no un-

certain token of a people's decadence." And since the only way he knew of combating decadence was to go back to the beginnings or the elements, he went back to the elements of language, uncovering them a little where he could, baring the words he felt to be important—the root-words—and returning them to their primary meanings. What he loses, or rather discards, in the way of literary associations, echoes, innuendoes—all the secondary meanings so dear to the poets of yesterday—he more than makes up for in stature and in force.

Doughty is not the only author in modern English who felt that the current idiom was wearing out—the problem, by the way, is more European than solely English—but he is by far the most objective. He did not, we find, take liberties with English in order to adjust it to any private condition in himself—as Hopkins and others did—but rather to make it more expressive of the great doings that filled his mind—journeyings by land and sea, the clash of arms, the physical world, and the labours of men's hands. It was these concrete things that, as an epic poet, he tried to convey and did convey more tangibly, more solidly,—with a securer sense of elbow-room—than any English poet before him. Take his description of Vesuvius erupting, or of travellers moving in the desert, or of camels picking their way, or of the Roman fleet sailing into the Thames, or of the Gauls crossing the Alps, or of looking up at the stars, or any of countless other passages, and observe—and this again pertains to a modern sensibility that is emerging in all the arts—how extroverted, how three-dimensional, how spatial it all is. It was with these physical realities in mind that Doughty trained himself to write as he did; the question of temperament or of idiosyncrasy hardly seems to enter.

> The upper liquid mineral matter, blasted into the air, and dispersed minutely with the shooting steam, is suddenly cooled to falling powder; the sky of rainy vapour and smoke which hangs so wide over, and enfolds the hideous vulcanic tempest, is overcharged with electricity; the thunders that break forth cannot be heard in that most tremendous dinning. The air is filled many days, for miles round, with heavy rumour, and this fearful bellowing of the mountain.

> The new day rising, we stood up in our sandy beds and were ready to depart. We marched some hours through that dead plain country; and came among pale granite hills, where only the silver-voiced siskin, *Umm Sâlema*, flitted in the rocky solitude before us.

Camels at a descent, with so unwieldy fore-limbs are wooden riding; the lumpish brutes, unless it be the more fresh and willing, let themselves plumb down, with stiff joints, to every lower step.

> By Cantion's Foreland, have the Roman's navy
> Now safely sailed, and entered Thames' large mouth;
> (Shines, estuary, neath vast chamber of the stars.)
> Like immense swany brood, lo hundred ships!
> Long rows, that Medway, Toliapis, pass;
> Borne on a streaming tide.
>
> Go up the Gauls in mighty shadows, cold.
>
> Out of steep Night, the Stars of God hang forth,
> Like fruits from Summer boughs, in the dim groves.

There is such a reservoir of poetic energy in Doughty's work that it is bound to find a freer outlet sooner or later in the life of his country, especially, it may be, in the coming years of reconstruction, when the need for poetry that nourishes and builds up the spirit—heroic poetry such as Doughty wrote—will be felt more sharply than in the recent past. Already we can see that he stands in vital relation to two significant creative personalities in the twentieth century, both of whom he may be said to have "influenced." One is T. E. Lawrence, whose career, whether as adventurer or as man of letters, would not be what it is if Doughty had not gone before. The other—a very different figure—is the poet Hugh MacDiarmid, whose linguistic problem in Scottish is so like Doughty's in English and who has shown his closeness to him both in verse and prose.

> Not since Ezekiel has that faw sun ringed
> A worthier head.

It seems probable from these and other indications that either Doughty means a great deal to those who read him or he means nothing and that he is, and will remain, a strenuous—though by no means a difficult—author. By the same token it may be predicted that, unlike the many who advance in reputation and then recede, Doughty will move forward at his own pace and hold the ground he gains.

VOLTAIRE AND THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

HARCOURT BROWN

IN the twenty-fourth and last of his *Letters Concerning the English Nation*, first published in English translation in 1733, Voltaire turns from the theatre and "The Regard that ought to be shown to Men of Letters" to the topic of academies. Here he makes special reference to the Royal Society of London, and in the latter part of the chapter to the functions performed by the three most important French bodies, the Académie Française, the Académie des Sciences, and the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. The reader of the mercurial Voltaire has learned not to expect a formal conclusion in his works; there is neither conclusion drawn from the preceding chapters, nor résumé of the book's contents. The tempting possibilities of a witty analysis of the English character or of a sage prediction of the ultimate results of the process of mutual accommodation then visible in the ranks of the leisured class of each country, do not tempt Voltaire to that perilous literary sport, skating on the thin ice of generalizations over the uncertain waters of national differences. It is typical of his procedure, as of his mind in general, that he shoots his bolt on each topic in the chapter he devotes to it, and shows no desire to coordinate his findings into a larger and perhaps more revealing whole. For him the world is a place where countless independent processes go on together, offering small hold for the mind that must seek a unity to relate the parts to each other or to a hidden purpose. Such is his way in the historical works, the *Age of Louis XIV* and the *Histoire du Parlement:* a chapter seemingly chosen at random brings the text to an end, and leaves the reader to his own conclusions, to think about the problem as it may please his fancy. One can forgive the witty endings of *Micromégas*, *Zadig*, and *Candide*, which tie the knot of the tale without ending the train of thought. But in the last of these brilliant and often profound letters, with its curious reversal of the general effect of Voltaire's judgment on English institutions and its avoidance of any examination of the deeper grounds underlying the different forms taken by scientific and literary organizations in Paris and London respectively, the reader feels legitimately that more might and should have been said. He is willing therefore to admit that when Voltaire

settled down at Cirey seriously to rework his early writings, he was justified in destroying the structure and identity of his book, in revising many of its chapters, in deleting others, and in republishing the remnant with other matter under a non-committal title. Voltaire must have felt that a man who already had a sound piece of work to his credit, the *History of Charles XII*, who had announced a *Siècle de Louis XIV* on revolutionary lines, and who had plans for a universal history as well as various contributions in philosophy, could well spare what added reputation these uneven and ill-assorted letters would bring.

Students of the literary history of France have always been aware of the connection between the biography of Voltaire and the succession of his books, between his social and public relationships and the changing points of view perceptible even in the more objective of his works. Although one is tempted at times to see a weakness in the changing of his point of view, it is surprising how often the converse is true, how often his revised attitude shows courage in avowing conversion to an unpopular cause, and in insistence on the need for an appeal against an accepted verdict. The purpose of this paper, which conforms in part to a pattern familiar in Voltaire studies, is to trace another facet of his growth, an area in which public esteem, the counsel of his friends, the pressure of changes in his subject-matter, working simultaneously on the poet's own irritability, produce changes in his views, in his books, and bring him ultimately to adopt a friendly attitude where he once had been inclined to scoff. The book under discussion was his first venture into the field of prose on other than historical and literary topics treated on conventional lines; its success, both commercial and polemical, was sufficient to turn him definitely into what may loosely be called a publicist, though not leading to the abandonment of his older roles as dramatist, historian, and poet. His book was widely read, and in spite of prohibitions it circulated freely, as such books will. Its place in the English book-trade was maintained long after its identity was lost in French, for we have seen editions of it in its primitive form published for the topical value years after a version more to Voltaire's changing taste had been made available in the Smollett translation of the works.[1]

[1]For the reader's convenience I shall quote from the original edition of the *Letters*, published for C. Davis and A. Lyon in London, 1733. This text, of

To Voltaire in 1733 the Académie des Sciences appeared more effective than the Royal Society in prosecuting science because it was "bien réglée," and endowed with stipends for its members, qualifications which Voltaire regarded as "the most essential for man." The age of the Royal Society, of course, was greater than that of the French foundation; it had not been able to benefit by the experience of the later creation, "for had it been founded after, it would very probably have adopted some of the sage laws of the former, and improv'd upon others." He found that another advantage of the French body lay in its rigid requirements for admission: "In France 'tis not enough that a Man who aspires to the Honour of being a Member of the Academy, and of receiving the Royal Stipend, has a love for the Sciences; he must at the same Time be deeply skill'd in them; and is oblig'd to dispute the Seat with Competitors who are so much the more formidable as they are fir'd by a Principle of Glory, by Interest, by the Difficulty itself, and by that Inflexibility of Mind, which is generally found in those who devote themselves to that pertinacious Study, the Mathematicks." Along with the encouragement given to men of science, the defined scope of the French society, in itself of benefit in Voltaire's esteem, was one of the reasons why its publications were better. The fact that Sir Isaac Newton was a Fellow of the Royal Society was not enough to give it a superior position in the esteem of the unprejudiced, for such a genius as his belonged "to all the Academies in the World, because all had a thousand Things to learn of him."

The available evidence bears out the reader's impression that at the time this passage was written Voltaire had had small acquaintance with science and scientists. It is not so easy to account for the general tone of his comments on the Royal Society;

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course, is not as authoritative as Voltaire's own French version, published in various places with slight variations in the following year, but it renders the thought of the author with much of the sparkle of the original; it is generally attributed to John Lockman. The twenty-fourth Letter, "On the Royal Society and other Academies," occupies pages 232-44 of the English text; references to the French will be made on the basis of the critical edition by G. Lanson, published by the Société des Textes Français Modernes, Paris, 1930, 2 vols., fourth ed. Smollett's edition of *The Works of M. de Voltaire Translated from the French with Notes, Historical and Critical*, was published in London for a group of booksellers in 1761 ff.; the chapter "On the Royal Society and Academies" is found in vol. XIII of the *Prose Works*, 176-83.

Lanson's elaborate investigations into the sources used by Voltaire offer no plausible explanation, and one can but presume that Voltaire was repeating with slight variation comments he had heard in the circles he had frequented in London or absorbed from various books which satirized that obvious butt, the virtuoso, and his preoccupation with material things. Few of those under whose influence Voltaire came in England were associated with the scientific movement; Swift was the author of the stinging satire on the academy at Laputa; Pope was to publish his *Essay on Man* with its passage on the limitations of science, in the same year as the *Letters*. Bolingbroke and the others who figure in Voltaire's correspondence of those days were mostly concerned with politics, commerce, and literature, in circles on the whole sharply distinguished from the Royal Society. That body with its relatively large membership, its easily-met requirements for admission, its admitted laxness in collecting dues, and the consequent presence of a large number of dilettantes among the Fellows, was easy to criticize as a typical example of the empirical British, another product of the confusion and compromise so often found when a committee of Anglo-Saxon amateurs has to undertake a project demanding precise thinking and co-ordinated effort. In comparison, to Voltaire, and no doubt to many Englishmen of the day, the strict professional qualifications of the Académie Royale des Sciences, its regulated programme for the prosecution of the various sciences in balanced Baconian order without excursions into erudition and antiquity, and with its continued existence assured by the Royal Treasury—all must have appeared to justify a certain contempt for the badly organized amateurs of London.

These considerations may explain a little more clearly why Voltaire can praise the academies of Paris as he does in so far as their work is useful and planned for the practical advantage of the nation, even while criticizing the Académie Française for its futile compliments and formal discourses. This last-mentioned body could justify its existence by turning to works of use and value to the nation such as had been planned at its inception, in particular the preparation of modernized editions of the classic authors of France, so that there might be a perpetually renewed stock of texts suitable for the moral, æsthetic, and linguistic instruction of the young. The emphasis which Voltaire places on the French academies and their function makes it plain, I think, that he had

at this moment only the smallest interest in describing the Royal Society, and even less in praising it; his plan is to talk about intellectual affairs in France, utilizing the scheme projected by Jonathan Swift in order to suggest how the value of the bodies already existing in France could be increased. The point of reference which is central to the discussion as a whole is Swift's famous project of a British Academy; it is with that that the French groups are compared and contrasted, and only secondarily with the Royal Society.

Subsequent editions of this letter show many revisions of the paragraphs concerning the scientific groups, while the rest of the text remains largely unchanged. By 1748, as Lanson points out, Voltaire will have reversed his position completely on the value and functions of the Royal Society. There is much interest, literary as well as biographical, in tracing the steps by which this result was reached, especially when the process can be illustrated by the use of documents which earlier biographers have not brought into this particular connection. His knowledge of English science was to grow enormously in the Cirey years, and particularly from 1732 to 1739; and with that development he was to be transformed from a clever and somewhat superficial literary man into one of the most alert and subtle interpreters of human affairs that the eighteenth century was to produce.

The revisions of this text do not, of course, represent exclusively the successive changes of heart and mind suffered by Voltaire; there were numerous changes in the forms and usages of the Royal Society itself. That body had been open to legitimate criticism in its last years under Sir Isaac Newton, immediately preceding his death in 1727. Publication of the *Philosophical Transactions* had fallen behind; the fees of many of the Fellows were in arrears; the practice of election on the nomination of a single member had been abused. The meetings themselves seem to have had little interest at this time; the account of a French visitor in 1725, only a year or so before Voltaire's arrival in London, suggests that a lack of order characterized these assemblies. This person, the famous Abbé Joseph Alary, moving spirit of the Club de l'Entresol which was to annoy the police of Paris a few years later, attended the session of July 1, 1725, in the company of the President, Newton himself, who placed his guest on his right, opened the meeting, and promptly fell asleep; at the end of the session everyone, including

the Abbé, signed the register, then Newton took him home to supper, where the talk that had begun early in the morning continued until 9 o'clock at night.[2] It is worth noting in passing that Voltaire does not appear to have been present at a session of the Royal Society; his account of the Society, even after his election, will always lack the sense of reality that such secondary figures as Monconys and Sorbière gave their descriptions after their visits in 1663.

The death of Newton marked the end of a period in the history of the Society, and with the election of Sir Hans Sloane, and a consequent change of focus, a new age of activity and reorganization began. A strong effort was made to bring the *Philosophical Transactions* up to date; new statutes for the election of members were promulgated in 1728 and revised in a more constitutional form in 1730; efforts were made to collect fees from delinquent Fellows and to clear the lists by limiting membership only to those who had a genuine interest in natural philosophy. There was also in these years a marked effort to bring the leading men in continental science into the Society; while under Newton there does not seem to have been any persistently followed policy in this respect, from 1727 on hardly a year passes without the addition of some significant figure from the ranks of French science. In 1727 Bernard de Jussieu is the first of the new line, followed in 1728-9 by Maupertuis and three less important figures well enough known in their day; in 1730 there were Montesquieu and Father Castel of colour-organ fame. Fontenelle, Secretary of the Académie des Sciences, was elected in 1733; in 1734 he was followed by Dortous de Mairan, Du Hamel de Monceau, and J.-A. Nollet, and in 1737-8-9 respectively by Clairaut, Réaumur, and Le Monnier, closely followed in 1740 by Buffon. The new statutes admitted foreigners to membership without the payment of fees or immediate formal admission at a regular meeting, and as a result, during some fifty years, until another change in circumstances led to another series of reorganizations, the foreign list grew continuously, although not always by the addition of men as high in the esteem of scientists as those listed here.

[2]This story is told by J. Edlestone, in his *Correspondence of Sir Isaac Newton and Professor Cotes*, London, 1850, lxxviii; the source there given is Grimond's "Essai Historique sur Bolingbroke," in his *Lettres Historiques de Bolingbroke*, Paris, 1808, I, 155.

It is true, however, that in addition to these changes, Voltaire was coming to understand more clearly the function of such a body and to see that its value to the age had not been made clearly perceptible to the continental observer. In spite of his avowed belief that the quaint English had certain advantages over the more civilized French, the *Letters Concerning the English Nation* are not free from an undertone of confidence that matters that represent the higher faculties will be handled better in France if only their unfortunately managed government will let them. The revisions through which these paragraphs pass during the fifteen years immediately following their first appearance thus are of more than merely factual interest; not only do they reflect changes in Voltaire's opinion of a famous British institution but they also reflect changes in that institution itself, and developments in Voltaire as well. This situation is complex indeed, but it repays attention by anyone interested in the peculiarities of the human spirit as it proceeds gradually towards the goal of historical truth. The most ardent Voltairian will hardly claim seriously that Voltaire was as thorough an analyst of human institutions as Montesquieu or Rousseau; he reacted too sharply to the external features, to the obvious and striking, to be able to explain at once whence came the qualities which had caught his eye and determined the tone of his first remark. Understanding of a situation grew with him slowly against the haste of first impressions; the elegant and massive format of the *Histoire* and *Mémoires* published each year by the Parisian Academy, the substantial dignity of its work and assemblies, the expensive missions fitted out for inquiries to be prosecuted in distant lands, all these phenomena could not but impose on the eyes of a bright young man whose talents did not yet run to the critical reading of scientific work. In this field as in many others, the passage of years, particularly of those years spent at Cirey, will bring Voltaire to a more balanced view, a judgment based on a fuller reading of the facts as well as on a deeper knowledge of the strange processes that are responsible for the institutions that man builds to free his spirit for the work that he must do.

The chapter in question is revised three times, in 1739, 1742, and 1748; I propose to look at these alterations of Voltaire's thought in turn, adding where necessary such explanations and historical matter as may seem relevant. Although most of the material I

shall quote has been in print for a long time, it has not been read with quite this end in view; this account, therefore, may add an unwritten chapter to the hundred others of the somewhat complicated biography that is Voltaire's.

The first revision, which appears in the fourth volume of the *Œuvres* as published by Etienne Ledet et Compagnie in Amsterdam, is marked also, as I have said, by the disappearance from the French canon of the *Lettres sur l'Angleterre* or *Lettres Philosophiques;* in order to satisfy some artistic or philosophic scruple of the author, certain of the letters are withdrawn, others are added, and many of the original parts rewritten. What remains is now published under the general title of *Mélanges d'Histoire et de Littérature*, in a volume also containing various letters and poetry. In the passage that concerns us, Voltaire retains without important alteration the first three paragraphs and one sentence of the fourth, and replaces his vague reference to Newton who belonged to all the academies of Europe by pointing out that it is to the Royal Society that we owe experiments on electricity, light, weight, refraction, the theory of heat and fluids, the laws of gravitation, reflecting telescopes, orreries, and other useful inventions. Strange as it may seem to those familiar with the usual descriptions of Voltaire's early attitude to the achievements of British scientists, this marks the first reference in his published works to the diversity of fields in which they had reached significant results, and the first hint that there was something in the social and moral atmosphere of London that was advantageous to the life of the intellect. To the student familiar with Voltaire's correspondence in these years these words are clearly the result of days and nights at Cirey, divided between experiments and extensive readings and discussions of treatises in the natural philosophy of the age.

This first revision contains a hint of the ultimate reversal of the first position, which will involve a complete rewriting of the opening paragraphs of the chapter. In 1742, in another edition of the complete works, brought out this time in Paris but under the imprint of Bousquet at Geneva, Voltaire rewrites the fourth paragraph, omitting the comparison between the annual publications of the Académie des Sciences and the *Philosophical Transactions*. By now he sees that impressive as the French *Mémoires* and *Histoire* may be, they are not essentially superior to the English periodical. "Although the Royal Society," he writes, "lacks encouragement,

it has given us knowledge of the nature of light, the laws of gravity, of refraction *in vacuo*, of the effective range of transmission of electrical discharges, of the aberration of light, . . . and of the infinitesimal calculus. Could it have done better if it had been well paid?" The new sentences are brief, but they suggest clearly that Voltaire had been profiting from a reading of the *Philosophical Transactions* and had been reflecting to some purpose on the comparative value of different kinds of scientific work. They are not unworthy of a man who has brought out an important book on Newtonian philosophy for the French public, and presented a memoir on "Fire" to the Académie des Sciences. It is not surprising to find therefore that Voltaire has been in touch with British science and British scientists, and that his contacts with these matters are not solely through books.

Monumental as the published correspondence may be, most students of Voltaire are aware that innumerable autograph letters by him may be traced in various more or less inaccessible places by their appearance in the auction rooms of London, Paris, and New York, or in the catalogues of the more alert booksellers. Not all of the items that appear as they flit from one private collection to another can reveal much that is new; few of them have the interest of the two which I shall draw on for Voltaire's connection with the Royal Society itself. Elsewhere[3] I have discussed in part the role of Martin ffolkes in bringing English and French science into closer contact; it will perhaps be agreed that this wealthy amateur did as much by means of his genial personality and assiduous attention to the social graces as another might have done by eminence in strictly scientific ways. He was not a scientist, as were his predecessors in the president's chair at the Royal Society, Newton and Sir Hans Sloane; he had, however, means and enthusiasm, he was anxious to continue Sloane's work of rehabilitation, he knew France and Italy, and he was keenly interested in seeing good books published appropriately. He was a man to reckon with in London, a man whose fame spread in France when

[3] "Madame Geoffrin and Martin Folkes: Six New Letters," in *Modern Language Quarterly*, 1940, 215-41. See especially the introductory material. The spelling of "ffolkes" varies with the writer; Martin himself signed with a long closely intertwined double "f" that at first sight resembles an elaborate single capital letter. In the eighteenth century the Royal Society printed the name simply as "Folkes."

he visited that country in 1739, and a man who kept up his correspondence with French scientists and others after his return to England.

The two letters which Voltaire wrote in English to ffolkes in 1739 and 1743 are probably not all that passed between them, but they offer us sufficient ground for a characterization of their relationship. With the first Voltaire sent a copy of his "Réponse aux Objections Principales qu'on a faites contre la Philosophie de Newton," a tract of some forty pages which he wrote in Paris where he found the public unwilling to accept the Newtonian revolution. His letter reads in part as follows: "I do myself the honour to send you this little answer I was obliged to write against our anti-neutonian cavillers. I am but a man blind of one eye expostulating with stark blind people who deny there is such a thing as a Sun. I'll be very happy if this conflict with ignorant philosophers may ingratiate myself with such a true philosopher as you are."[4] Another letter of the same day, accompanying another copy of this pamphlet, was sent to Robert Smith, Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge University; this was printed by Edlestone in the volume of Correspondence of Isaac Newton already cited.[5]

It is not unlikely that such letters as these form but a small part of a campaign planned by Voltaire to put himself before the *élite* of London, to rectify some of the impressions remaining from his earlier contacts, and to demonstrate that he was not only the author of the *Henriade* and the much discussed *History of Charles XII*, but also that he had repudiated in part the *Letters Concerning the English Nation*, over whose continued circulation he could exercise no control, and perhaps even to demonstrate that he was falling in line, at 45, with the trend towards natural philosophy. It is not unfair to associate these steps with an attempt to bolster his position as a candidate for the forthcoming vacancy of the

[4]Sotheby & Co., Catalogue of Valuable Autograph Letters, Literary MSS and Historical Documents. . ., Day of Sale: Monday the 27th of June, 1932; No. 114: "Voltaire (F.M.A. de) A.L.S. 1p. 4to. (in English), Paris, 10th Oct. 1739, to Ffolkes."

[5]*Op. cit.*, 238. In the Library of Harvard University (Lowell 2880.5) there is a copy of the revised *Elemens de la Philosophie de Neuton Donnés par Mr de Voltaire. Nouvelle Edition. A Londres, 1738*, which bears on the half-title "Monsr le Docteur Mead de/la Societé Royale de Londres./M. de Voltaire." This book seems to have been given to Mead on Voltaire's behalf, although the inscription is not autograph.

secretaryship of the Académie des Sciences. Ffolkes' influence in London extended to Paris as well, where he was well known to Buffon, Réaumur, Maupertuis, and the influential Mme Geoffrin: and no doubt Voltaire felt that important contacts abroad could not fail to make the right impression at home.

The life of Voltaire is full of periods in which one feels keenly the need of more documents than we have or are likely to possess. In these years, 1739-43, Byron's phrase, "historian, bard, philosopher combined" is singularly appropriate; Voltaire turns with meteoric speed from verse to prose, from theology to the theatre, from new publications to the watchful revision of his old works. The specifically scientific period of his life is almost over, though indeed Voltaire himself is probably not aware of that; the historian has already begun his work, and if Mr Ira Wade be right, Voltaire is already well advanced towards becoming the critic of Biblical fundamentalism, the status that will characterize his fame at Ferney. In less intellectual matters, the picture is no simpler; the interminable lawsuits of the Châtelet household, with their more or less prolonged sojourns in the Boeotian solitudes of Brussels, the first meetings with Frederick near Cleves, and later at Remusberg, a stay in Paris unduly prolonged by illness, the borrowing of books of history from friends in Paris, the grotesque struggle to see that *Mahomet* is adequately staged and then published, and the no less fantastic sequence of events concerned with the publication, suppression, and revision of the *Anti-Machiavel* of the new and squeamish King of Prussia, the exchange of endless letters with friends and agents across Europe—these simultaneous activities set the conscientious biographer an impossible task. Such a man as Voltaire can live through these things and more, and keep his head and perhaps even a sense of balance and direction; the biographer who plods after him, trying to play Boswell to a Catherine wheel, finds the telling of the stories somewhat difficult. If we concentrate on Voltaire and his pursuit of recognition as a scientist, and push six or seven other and perhaps more imposing aspects of his activities into the background, it is rather with the purpose of supplementing what is already in most of the books by the presentation of material that has not before been put in order. The reader of Voltaire needs no reminder of the ordeal of discriminating study necessary to establish even the simplest fact about the man and his opinions.

If they mention it at all, most of the biographers regard Voltaire's election to the Royal Society of London as a kind of miraculous honour conferred on him without sufficient reason or justification by works. Churton Collins, Archibald Ballantyne, S. G. Tallentyre, each of whom might be expected to treat the subject with understanding, barely mention the fact, with neither explanation nor comment; the additional fact that Voltaire in this period became a member of academies in Bologna and Edinburgh, as well as in Berlin, arouses no interest. The reason of course is that we have a mere handful of relevant documents in this period; two or three already cited, the revised paragraphs on the Royal Society, neither of them readily available for the public of the nineteenth century in France or England, and a few letters such as those which Voltaire wrote to the Huguenot chaplain of the Savoy, César de Missy. The story the documents tell is not complete, nor is it likely that it will be; the correspondence, fragmentary as it is, serves, however, to corroborate the view that many interests had by now come to complicate Voltaire's originally rather simple attitude to English affairs. The bookshops of London, which had been so kind to the *Henriade* and to *Charles XII*, could be invaded once more, with new works like *Mahomet*, and with the old works revised, the translators could be encouraged, and perhaps even plans could be made for an edition of the *Œuvres Complètes* such as those which had proved so successful on the continent. Various works from English presses were needed to further the documentation of the books which Voltaire's mind, now at the height of productivity, was preparing in support of his programme of a general revision of concepts in accord with what he described as "la saine philosophie." In 1740 he had thought of himself as a candidate for the secretaryship of the Académie des Sciences which the elderly Fontenelle was at last to be permitted to vacate; the success of his work on Newtonian philosophy, the memoir on fire which had been praised but not rewarded by the academy, the dabbling in experiments and theories, and an undoubted facility in presenting the arguments of others with clarity and fair precision, all encouraged him to think with hope of the outcome. Behind closed doors an offer of the post was made to Dortous de Mairan, who accepted it for the limited term of three years which he refused to extend; and in 1742-3 it is not unfair to think that Voltaire was once more contemplating the prestige which the occupation of

such a post would give the author of books such as he was planning to write, and reflecting how useful such prestige would be to the new ideas, deistic, philosophic, and humanitarian, which he was endeavouring to spread among the reading public.

At the end of his term, Dortous de Mairan was replaced by the relatively unknown Grandjean de Fouchy, closing indefinitely this path to the position of influence Voltaire sought, and he turned to the pursuit of a seat in the older Académie Française. There had been many occasions on which he could have been a candidate, for the turnover of armchairs in this body is fairly constant; now it was the turn of the elderly Cardinal de Fleury to vacate his seat, and with the death of one of his principal opponents, Voltaire thought that the revenge of taking his place would be particularly sweet. Once more he failed of his goal, losing to the obscure Bishop of Bayeux, and his correspondence tells us much of the exasperation he felt. The repeated efforts he made to gain recognition of this sort may appear ridiculous to another race and another age, but they were common enough in Paris under the old régime, and even in much later times.

Like other men in similar circumstances, he found the grapes were sour, and turned to the pursuit of another objective, in which his success brought an emotional satisfaction that shines clearly through many pages of his writings of these and later days. He presented himself according to the statutes for election to the Fellows of the Royal Society of London; and to assure this end, he obtained, we do not as yet clearly see how, the support of a number of important Fellows. At the head of the list was the Duke of Richmond, Lennox and Aubigny, grandson on the left hand of Charles II and Louise de Kéroualle; and with him was the Earl of Macclesfield, who was to become President in 1751 in succession to Martin ffolkes. James Bradley, the Astronomer Royal, whose brilliant work in discovering the aberration of light had been mentioned in the latest revision of the twenty-fourth *Letter*, also signed, and of equal importance in the group was Martin ffolkes himself. A former secretary and a scientist of some note, James Jurin; Shallett Turner, Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge; and William Jones, mathematician and a member of the household of the Earl of Macclesfield, completed the list of Voltaire's sponsors. It is conceivable that it was Martin ffolkes who mobilized this distinguished group in Voltaire's support;

whoever it was, admittedly did an effective piece of work in his behalf. Certainly it is hard to select from the list of Fellows of 1743 a group of the same size that will show equal eminence in varied fields and represent so many of the classes that offered support and dignity to the rank of Fellow.

The sponsorship of Voltaire's application was therefore an unanswerable argument for his admission once the set course of ten successive postings in meeting had been run, and on November 3 he was elected. The certificate, which is the name given to an application whose posting has been attended with success, is no. 271 in the first volume of Certificates, for 1731-50, in the archives of the Society in Burlington House, and we have permission to quote it here:

MONSIEUR AROUET DE VOLTAIRE OF PARIS

A Gentleman well known by several curious and valuable Works, being desirous of Offering himself a Candidate for Election into this Royal Society; we do accordingly propose him, and recommend him as well skill'd in Philosophical Learning, likely to be a useful member, and every way well qualified, and deserving of the Honour he desires.

London
April 14, 1743

1	April	21
2	- - -	28
3	May	5
4	- - -	12
5	- - -	19
6	June	2
7	- - -	9
8	- - -	16
9	- - -	23
10	Octr	27

(signed)
Macclesfield
James Jurin
M. Folkes
Shallett Turner
Wm Jones
Ja: Bradley
Richmond, Lenox & Aubigny

Elected Novr 3, 1743.[6]

The earliest document in which the result of this election is apparent is another letter to Martin ffolkes, presumably written in late November or early December, 1743, from Paris. Like the other manuscripts from this collection, it was offered at auction at Sotheby's on June 27, 1932; Maggs Bros. bought it for £35.

[6]Printed by permission of the Council of the Royal Society; this document appears to be in the hand of Cromwell Mortimer. The dates on the left are those of the meetings at which the certificate was posted according to the statute of 1730.

It is from the Sotheby catalogue that we take the following extract; the letter is described as "a very fine autograph letter signed, 3pp. 4to (in English), Paris, 1743, to Ffolkes."

> One of my strongest desires was to be naturalized in England. The Royal Society, prompted by you vouchsafes to honour me with the best letters of naturalization. My first masters in yr free and learned country, were Shakespear, Adisson, Dryden, Pope. I made some steps afterwards in the temple of philosophy to the altar of Newton, I was even so bold as to introduce into France some of his discoveries, but I was not only a confessor to his faith; I became a martir. . . Be pleased Sir to be so kind as to present yr worthy brethren with my most humble respects. I hope you will sai to my Lord Duke of Richemont . . . how deeply I am sensible of their favours. . . .

This letter offers precise justification for Lanson's view that Voltaire did not come seriously under the influence of English science during his exile, that his contacts in London had been largely literary and political. Perhaps in 1743 he regretted that he had not sought admission as a visitor to those hospitable assemblies; at times, in his letters to de Missy, he seems to think seriously of making a leisurely way over the white roads of Picardy and the uncertain waters of the Dover Straits to the home of liberty in politics and science and philosophy, where a poet is not condemned to lies and flattery. In any case it is curious that it is once more to the Cirey period that we find Voltaire owes a deeper vision on matters which had already interested his restless mind, a clearer sense for the facts, a disposition to allow the truth to speak for itself, and to remove the merely critical and tendentious from his work. If he could not tear himself from the society of his Lady Newton, he at least was to come much closer to the understanding of one of the great English institutions than he had been able to attain in London more than a decade before.

By 1748 he was ready to give the already much revised chapter on academies its final form, and he seizes the opportunity of the new edition in preparation in the shop of George Conrad Walther at Dresden to bring out a thoroughly revised text. This time he suppresses entirely the outdated comparison between the Académie des Sciences and the Royal Society of London; he begins with an assertion that great men, Homer and Phidias, Sophocles and Apelles, Virgil and Vitruvius, Ariosto and Michelangelo, were all formed either before or independently of academies; Tasso had nothing but criticism from the Crusca, Newton did not owe his discoveries in optics, on gravitation, the calculus, or chronology to

the Royal Society. For what purpose then, asks Voltaire, do we have academies? And he answers at once, to maintain the fire lit by the great geniuses.

Then a brief paragraph describes the form and functions of the British organization. Formed in 1660, it is older by six years than the French Académie des Sciences; it has no salaries, but it is free; no displeasing distinctions divide it into scientists on salary and honorary members who are not scientists. Encouraged only by itself, it is composed of members who have discovered the calculus, the laws of light, and weight, the aberration of stars, the reflecting telescope, Newcomen's steam engine, and many other useful inventions, and he asks, what more could these great men have done if they had been on salary or honorary members? The rest of the chapter remains without notable change; the description of Swift's proposed academy, the weakness of the oratory of the French Academy, the wise utility of the publications of the Académie des Belles-Lettres, the purposes of the Académie des Sciences, all are set forth with only minute verbal changes; and the chapter ends with Voltaire's desire to see the scientific group undertake to unite theory and practice for the utility of all, and to see the literary men undertake the preparation of a set of revised classics for the education of youth.

These last comments on the Royal Society of London mark a point beyond which Voltaire does not go. He seems in these years to have gained access to documents which permitted him to be more precise about the dates of foundation of the two scientific bodies; and it is not inappropriate to surmise that it was at this time that he wrote the various passages about scientific matters which may be found in the *Siècle de Louis XIV*. In this work, whose tone in general is eulogistic of Louis XIV and his government, he says in his chapter 31, "Des Sciences":

> Some Philosophers of England, under the usurped dominion of Cromwell, agreed to meet among themselves in search of truth, at a time when all truth lay oppressed by the ravages of enthusiasm. Charles II being recalled to the throne of his ancestors by the levity and changeable temper of the nation, granted letters patent to this rising academy: but this was all the encouragement it received from the Government. The Royal Society, or rather the free incorporated Society of London, was instigated by the sole motive of promoting knowledge. To this illustrious body we are indebted for the late discoveries relating to light, the principle of gravitation, the motion of the fixed stars, the geometry

of transcendental quantities, and a hundred other improvements in knowledge; which, in this respect, might justly denominate the age of which we speak, the age of the English, as well as that of Louis XIV.[7]

Voltaire returns to British science in chapter XXXIV of the *Siècle*, added some years after the original appearance of the book; here he discusses the arts in Europe in general, and offers an interesting addition to what he had had to say about English literature in the *Letters* and in the chapter on Milton in the *Essay on Epic Poetry*. He speaks of the great advances in all the *genres* made in England since 1660, the grandeur of Milton, the charm of Waller, Dorset, Rochester, Dryden, and Pope; the varied genius of Addison and Swift, and the scholarly eminence of Marsham and Hyde, and then he passes to the discussion of philosophy in England, which means of course for a man of his age, natural philosophy and the exact sciences. Bacon had told what had to be done in the questioning of nature; Boyle spent his life in that pursuit. Newton, Halley, and Bradley, he says, have not been appreciated at their true worth in France. Then comes his famous comparison of Locke and Plato, and from those philosophers he passes to the contributions of the north of Europe, Hevelius, Leibniz, and of Italy, Galileo. The chapter hardly lives up to its title, "Des Beaux-arts en Europe, du Temps de Louis XIV," but it marks an important revision of the original text, and illustrates the fact, by now obvious, that Voltaire long continued to broaden the basis for his comments on the learning and science of Europe, and to embody the results of his reading and, what is more important, his reflection, in the texture of his major works. The original *Letters Concerning the English Nation* were soon outdistanced in his years of omnivorous reading at Cirey; he destroyed the structure of that book, in so far as it may be described as having a plan, and merged its component parts into the continually growing series of *Mélanges*. The tone of the various chapters on English religion, literature, philosophy, was not lost as the book expanded, even though their content was to a great extent diluted. The reduced emphasis on England was

[7]This paragraph occurs in chap. XXIX, "Sciences et Arts," of the original form of the *Siècle de Louis XVI*; as given here we quote from the English translation, as printed in Dublin by George Faulkner, 1752: *The Age of Lewis XIV, Translated from the French of M. de Voltaire*, II, 127. The Dodsley edition of 1753 is identical. One notices only minor errors in the translation; the general sense is well rendered.

largely balanced by his continued use of English material in the *Siècle de Louis XIV*, where, as we have seen, the literature and thought of that country receives greater prominence as the years 1752-60 bring successively enlarged editions of the work.

With these accretions the chief British organization with intellectual purposes naturally receives its share of the new emphasis, just as the specific qualities of British thought and literature are more accurately rendered as the years go by. In the chapter of his *Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations* devoted to "England under Charles II" the importance of the middle classes, with their effective voice in the House of Commons, is clearly recognized; and the paragraph there devoted to the Royal Society shows an understanding of the manner in which scientific affairs depend in countries of the Anglo-Saxon tradition on the presence of an enlightened public.[8] Whatever may have been the immediate reason for the change of emphasis in the chapter on the Royal Society and other academies in the various forms of the *Letters Concerning the English Nation*, if it were a private vice, it was also a public benefit, for it brought Voltaire to a better comprehension of the forces at work in England, even though their purposes are not always fully understood in the time of their achievement. Voltaire's great gift, rather than his impeccable style or the cosmic laughter of *Candide*, is the eye that sees steadily into the meaning of institutions and human habits, and estimates their significance as structures made by man against the eternal standard of the weal or woe they bring to the generality of his kind. To this end his art contributes, in precision of statement, and in clarity of argument; and as the passions of his age pass into history and the implications of his work become more evident, we shall do well not to be too naïve about his intentions and the means he took in achieving his ends. The last to laugh may even yet be Voltaire.

[8]In the Smollett translation of Voltaire, published in London from 1761, this chapter appears in vol. VI of the *Prose Works;* it is numbered CLII. A later translation, by various hands, printed in London for Fielding and Walker from 1779, includes it as chap. CLXXXII of the same work. Voltaire does not appear to have revised this statement of his views.

A NEW MANIFEST DESTINY IN THE PACIFIC: AN AMERICAN VIEW

LOUIS B. WRIGHT

FOR more than a century and a half, North Americans have been dimly conscious of a great world in the Pacific Ocean, but by and large they have done their best to ignore it. Before the mid-nineteenth century, interest in the Pacific was a monopoly chiefly of whalers, merchants in the China trade, missionaries, and an occasional explorer or adventurer. With the discovery of gold in California and the consequent migration around the Horn and across the Isthmus of Panama, interest in the Pacific increased slightly, but to the rank and file of American citizens it concerned them scarcely more than the mountains on the moon.

Not even the acquisition of possessions in the Pacific, and the development of rapid transportation between American ports and the Orient brought to the citizen of Illinois or Iowa any conception of the importance to his welfare of Asia or the Pacific islands. Although a few politicians on the West Coast from time to time had shouted about the Yellow Peril, not until the disaster of Pearl Harbor did Americans generally realize that distant regions of the Pacific vitally affected their daily lives. Even then Senator Gerald Nye of North Dakota held out against believing the truth, and explained the belligerency of Japan as a sinister plot of Roosevelt and Churchill.

By a single rash deed, the Japanese air force cracked the hard shell of American isolationism and unwittingly performed a service which embattled political scientists could not have accomplished in a century. Overnight ancient convictions about American security went into the discard, as the United States and Canada both realized that they stood in imminent peril from an Asiatic foe. Twenty-four hours earlier the majority of citizens would have scorned the thought of such a danger.

Before Pearl Harbor, statesmen and political thinkers who tried to arouse the American public to a sense of responsibility in the Pacific found themselves struggling against a vast inertia. The great Middle West refused to get excited about Japan, or China, or the islands to the South. To a multitude of Americans, the Philippines were just a nuisance to be rid of as soon as possible.

In the consciousness of the average citizen, the Dutch East Indies were a murky blur. Not one American in a thousand had ever heard of the Solomon Islands. To the members of Congress Guam meant only an appropriation to be killed when thrifty Representatives howled about "war-mongers" wasting money to fortify a patch of sand in an ocean they never wanted to see.

After Pearl Harbor, the public was more easily persuaded of the importance of the Pacific Ocean. Even in the Middle West, citizens learned that what went on in Tokio had a meaning in Keokuk. When Bataan fell, the nation's grief was mingled with chagrin because we had complacently disregarded the most elementary preparations for defending that outpost. But it was not the loss of the Philippines that finally drove home to every American the significance of the Pacific war; it was the inability to buy a new automobile tire. Then, and then only, was everyone aware that foreign regions like Malaya and the Dutch East Indies had an intimate relationship to the welfare of the United States.

For the first time, many a citizen is beginning to understand that the United States is a part of a global structure. Gradually the idea is spreading that if this nation is to survive as an important power, it must pay some attention to the world fabric. Thousands of ordinary folk, who before never thought about the Pacific once in a year, now earnestly discuss the importance of taking and keeping Rabaul, or Truk, or some other speck in that vast ocean. Their sons are out there. And they want to be sure that never again will American boys have to die in South Sea jungles because of the megalomania of Japanese, or other, war lords. Out of the personal experiences of thousands of families is coming a new sense of national destiny, vague, perhaps, and not yet crystallized, but nevertheless significant. The boys who have fought with Australians, New Zealanders and Canadians against a common enemy are going to remember their allies. Common sense tells them and all their kin that it is good to have help when Japs go beserk.

Slowly the country is developing a sense of world responsibility and a willingness to collaborate with other nations. This stirring of national consciousness was prompted by no high-flown idealism, but by a belated realization that the three-mile limit is no place for one's first line of defence. The attack from Japan and the threat to the whole western coastline by the Japanese capture of the Aleutian tip convinced some of the most complacent isolationists

that an ocean barrier is no longer a guarantee of continental security. Citizens of Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles have had a scare, and they know that the United States and Canada must co-operate to keep Alaska free from aggressors. More concretely than the war in Europe, the danger from the Pacific has demonstrated the necessity of American collaboration with other nations.

We should not jump to the conclusion, however, that isolationism is a dead issue. A condition so deep-seated and chronic cannot be extirpated by a few Japanese bombs. The *Chicago Tribune*, which unhappily reflects the prejudices of a considerable body of readers, still rants hysterically at the thought of British and American collaboration. The pronouncements by the Republican policy committee from Mackinac Island showed that the party still treasures isolationist *clichés* and nebulous double talk. Governor John W. Bricker of Ohio, who yearns after the presidential nomination, obviously thinks that old-fashioned isolationism, sweetened a bit for 1944 tastes, may still be a valuable political elixir. With prudent vagueness, therefore, he expressed opposition to any definite military alliance "until we see the circumstances as they exist at that time."

The statement is often made that fear of entanglement in Europe is the basis of American isolationism and that the nation has had an altogether different attitude toward the Pacific world. Actually this assertion is only a half-truth. Historically, the United States has also shown a deep-seated fear of becoming involved with obligations in the Pacific. The flurry of imperialism in 1898, which resulted in the acquisition of the Philippines and the long overdue annexation of Hawaii, was only a temporary variation from our normal attitude of aloofness.

The tradition of isolation from Pacific affairs is so old and has been so consistently maintained that its reversal will come hard to Congressmen who only a little while ago opposed the strengthening of Philippine defence, prevented the fortification of Guam, and demanded that we mind our own business on this side of the ocean. There is still evidence that the grim lessons since December 7, 1941, have not been properly learned, and that the United States will hesitate to take an adequate share of international responsibility. The past record is instructive and not too encouraging.

Since the first merchant ships sailed from New England to China in the eighteenth century, we have had a profitable com-

merce with the Orient. Trading ships, which trafficked with the Indians on the California and Oregon coast for sea-otter furs and went on to China by way of the Sandwich Islands, brought wealth to American merchants. Whalers from New Bedford and other New England towns found riches in the South Seas and discovered and utilized islands which were later possessed by other nations. But despite an obvious financial stake in the Pacific, the United States refused, until the last years of the nineteenth century, to assume any political obligations in the western and south-western Pacific. The nation demonstrated a characteristic desire to have its cake and eat it too: to profit from commerce with the Pacific world and yet steer clear of any political or moral responsibility.

Although farsighted men from time to time pointed out that disaster might follow such a negative policy, the government officially, and the citizenry privately, remained content with political isolation. The nation's interest was restricted to the money which rolled in from Pacific commerce. When Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry "opened Japan" in 1853, he clearly perceived the implications of his action and urged the government to establish American bases in the western Pacific as a protection for our commerce with Asia. In a report to the Navy Department he recommended the occupation of a series of stepping stones, beginning with the Hawaiian Islands and continuing to the Asiatic coast. At that time many islands in the Pacific were unclaimed and unwanted by other powers; indeed, some islands were eager to have the protection of Occidental nations. Formosa was in revolt against the nominal rule of the Chinese emperor and would have welcomed the American protectorate which Perry advised his government to set up. He also suggested that bases be established on the Ryukyu Islands, to the south-west of Japan, and in the Bonin Islands, farther to the east. On one of the latter group Americans and Europeans had already settled at Port Lloyd, which Perry hoped to make a free port for the benefit of all nations. Not jingoistic imperialism, but an honest desire to keep open the lanes of commerce with Asia influenced Perry's thinking. Consequently, he recommended that Great Britain and the United States jointly establish Port Lloyd as a commercial and naval outpost. The germ of an idea which may yet prove the solution of some of the problems in the Pacific was contained in this proposal.

More clearly than anyone in his time, Perry foresaw that the

development of fast steam transportation would bring Asia and the Occidental powers ever closer together, and that the separation of commercial and political problems would prove impossible. But his was a voice crying in the wilderness. The "practical" men in the State and Navy Departments promptly vetoed all of his suggestions. The United States could not afford to be encumbered with distant possessions which would be expensive to administer, he was told by the Secretary of State. Such possessions, this official also explained, would only serve to make trouble and might involve us in national embarrassment if we had to give them up. Then, as later, the United States chose a thrifty course which, for the moment, seemed safe.

Time and again throughout the nineteenth century, the United States refused to accept Pacific possessions of great strategic value because of its firm belief in the virtue of isolation. When ambitious naval officers ran up the flag in the Marquesas, or in Samoa, or took possession of some other island in the South Seas, the government was quick to disavow their actions. Impressed with the importance of the harbour of Pago Pago in Samoa, the navy in 1872 negotiated with the ruling chief a treaty for its use, but the Senate refused to ratify even this agreement. Six more years were required to persuade the Senate to approve a treaty permitting a coaling station at Pago Pago.

The story of Hawaii follows the usual pattern. Although American missionaries had firmly established themselves in the islands in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and New England merchants and shippers had large financial interests there, the government for more than half a century turned a deaf ear to overtures for annexation. Individuals, both in and out of the government, at intervals urged annexation, but public opinion remained cold to the idea of any mid-Pacific possessions.

Not South Sea expansion, however, but the purchase of Alaska in 1867 precipitated the greatest outburst of isolationist sentiment in the nineteenth century. Had Secretary of State William H. Seward not played adroit politics, the scheme would undoubtedly have foundered in Congress. Luckily he won the support of Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, who had been persuaded, somewhat reluctantly, to favour this expansion beyond our borders. By cleverly suggesting that the purchase was necessary to prevent Great Britain's acquisition of the territory, Sumner got the Senate

to approve the treaty, and the House grudgingly voted to appropriate the purchase price. To the Republican majority who remembered Great Britain's recent sympathy for the Confederate cause, this argument carried more conviction than the claims of Alaska's value.

Though Congress had approved the deal, the American public howled in rage. Cartoonists ridiculed "President Johnson's Polar Bear Garden," and editors could not find words hard enough to rebuke the extravagance of paying $7,200,000 for a frozen wasteland which would only serve to embroil us in international complications. The public generally believed that the State Department had been the victim of a sly Russian trick and that we had made a foolish bargain. One Congressman declared that Alaska and the Aleutian Islands were "a positive injury and incumbrance as a colony of the United States," and another complained of the "wanton profligacy of the whole transaction." Many Americans felt that we should not take Alaska as a free gift, much less pay out hard money for it.

An unexpected and unwanted result of the Spanish-American war was the acquisition of possessions in the Pacific. At long last, Congress agreed to accept Hawaii. Stirred by Dewey's victory at Manila, Congress and the public experienced a brief tingle of imperialistic fervour, and President McKinley was moved to pray for divine guidance in the disposition of the Philippines. According to his own statement, God revealed in a clear vision that the United States could not afford to give them back to Spain or to allow France or Germany—"our commercial rivals in the Orient"—to have them, for that would be "bad business and discreditable." From heaven came the message that "there was nothing left for us to do but to take them all, and to educate the Filipinos, and uplift and civilize and Christianize them, and by God's grace do the very best we could by them, as our fellow men for whom Christ also died."

Enthusiasm for this venture in godly imperialism soon vanished, and the old forces of isolationism reasserted themselves. The occupation of the Philippines was distinctly unpopular. The congenital isolationist refused to be lured into the acceptance of international responsibility even by the intervention of the Almighty. When the sugar interests of the United States discovered that the exclusion of Philippine sugar would mean money in their

pockets, Congressmen shed tears over the usurped liberties of the Filipinos and made fervent pleas for the freedom of the islands. If we remained in the Philippines, they argued persuasively, we should be forever in danger of involvement in Asiatic quarrels. Gladly the United States voted to free the Philippines and retire from this danger.

Isolationism in the United States and shortsighted nationalism in Australia and New Zealand resulted in the fatal compromise which gave the German islands north of the equator to Japan at the end of the first World War. How much in blood and treasure this decision will cost the United Nations remains to be seen, but the defeat of Japan has been made inconceivably more difficult by the protective shield of the Marshall, Caroline, and Mariana Islands.

By a secret agreement in February, 1917, Great Britain, France and Italy promised Japan all of the German islands north of the equator as the reward of her belligerency. The United States had no official knowledge of this agreement until we sat down at the peace table in 1919, Secretary of State Lansing testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on August 11 of that year. Viscount Ishii, in negotiating the Lansing-Ishii Agreement, also "affirmatively or by his silence" concealed this bargain, Lansing asserted.

When the question of the German colonies came before the Supreme Council at the Peace Conference in 1919, Japan insisted upon the fulfilment of the secret agreement. President Wilson objected that the terms of the Armistice had superseded all previous agreements. At this juncture Australia and New Zealand unwittingly aided Japan by insisting upon the annexation of the islands south of the equator which their troops had occupied. Although they feared the encroachment of Japan, they were determined to have the nearer islands to prevent this very thing. But their insistence upon annexation of the territory south of the equator strengthened Japan's arguments for the islands to the north.

President Wilson wanted to internationalize the former German possessions in the Pacific. He was afraid of Japan's advance to the south-east and wished to prevent an increase of Japanese strength in the central Pacific by placing the islands under a disinterested commission of the League of Nations. Australia and

New Zealand violently opposed any plan which would remove New Guinea, Samoa, and other former German colonies from their respective jurisdictions. In the end, Mr. Lloyd George spent a day persuading the delegates from the Antipodes to accept the compromise which gave the German possessions south of the equator to Australia and New Zealand under the mandate of the League of Nations and the northern islands to Japan under the same conditions. This compromise was hailed as a victory for international justice. But Japan soon excluded foreigners from the mandated territory and set about dredging harbours and building fortifications at strategic points.

Australia and New Zealand presently realized that the award of the Marshall, Caroline and Mariana Islands to Japan had more than counterbalanced the gains made by their own control of former German territory to the south. But the fatal decision had now been made. The government in London was complacent, and the British press generally took the position that the award of the islands to Japan's administration was a proper recognition of her services in the war. The *London Daily Mail*, for instance, had campaigned against internationalizing the islands and had pointed out the consistent failure of international control. The compromise agreement of mandates under the League, the press cynically suggested, would not be very different from annexation, as indeed proved true.

In the United States, the isolationist bloc in the Senate had hysterics at the suggestion of American participation in the control of former German territories in the Pacific—or anywhere else, for that matter. Although they were not too pleased at Japan's territorial gains, they were unwilling to do more than grumble. Flatly and violently they opposed every plan which would have given the United States a measure of control in the Pacific. The leaders of this bloc—Senators Lodge of Massachusetts, Borah of Idaho, Knox of Pennsylvania, and Johnson of California—simply wanted America to get out of the Pacific. The *New York Times* on February 1, 1919, quoted Senator Borah as saying that if Jesus Christ proposed international control of the Pacific islands, he would oppose it.

The success of these isolationists is too tragically evident today to need comment. They prevented the United States from exerting any effective influence to keep Japan from developing the mandated

islands of the Pacific as military outposts. The price of their folly we are now paying in blood.

In 1919, American public opinion was too uninformed to care what happened in the Pacific. The islands were a long way off and did not affect the ordinary mortal. Occasionally someone read a short story about hula dancers, white coral beaches, and the tropic moon, but even literary interest was mild and unrealistic. The whole region southward from Hawaii was a vague opera land.

Today the situation is entirely different. Thousands of Americans who have sweated and bled in stinking jungles will greet a tale of beauteous South Sea maidens with scornful laughter; but they will have some concern about the disposition of strategic bases when the war is over.

Public interest in the Pacific is now acute. The American people will not again withdraw from the administration of Pacific areas believed to be essential to national security. But the great question is whether the lingering tradition of isolationism will permit wise decisions concerning American collaboration with other powers. There is also a danger that sentimentalists, suddenly aware of their yellow, brown and tawny brothers in the Pacific and in Asia, will go to a new extreme and meddle where we have no experience and little knowledge.

For good or for ill, the United States and Great Britain and the British Dominions are involved beyond separation in the future disposition of strategic areas in the whole Pacific region. Mutual protection will require common access to air fields and deep-water harbours. The development of air power has made suitable fields for long-range bombers more important than the old-fashioned naval bases which dominated the strategy of even a decade ago. Singapore and Hong Kong will never again have their former security and strength. Since bombers of the immediate future will be able to fly nonstop across the Pacific, listening posts and interceptor plane fields in the western Pacific will be necessary to the protection of the United States and Canada. It is unthinkable that these two nations should fail to unite in their common defence. By the same token, New Zealand and Australia cannot afford to be without the benefit of Hawaiian protection in the mid-Pacific.

Loose talk about the scramble of British and American interests for Japanese spoils in the Pacific shows a failure to grasp the implications of modern communications and present-day methods of

war. British and Americans must share alike in the island bases which we so recklessly gave to Japan in 1919. The protection of the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand depends upon the possession of airfields and naval bases in the Marshall, Caroline, and Mariana islands. As these islands now afford a shield to Japan, so they may be made a screen against any future aggressor from Asia.

Since the vital interests of the British Dominions and the United States predominate in the South Pacific, they will share the major responsibility for administering thousands of islands in that region. They have an obligation to devise an administration that will be less chaotic and more realistic than the present outmoded systems of government.

If we are to have peace in the Pacific, post-war adjustments cannot be a reshuffle of old imperialistic schemes. Neither can these adjustments go to the other extreme and permit the abandonment of millions of South Sea islanders to their own devices, as some sentimentalists, with fancy plans for self-determined paradises, are already suggesting. We must recognize that no area in this island world, not even the Netherlands East Indies, is capable of defending itself against a determined aggressor. The British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States, for their own security and for the protection of millions of helpless people, must forever maintain a dominant position in the Pacific. To do that they must pool many of their special interests for the common good.

The inevitable friction over the settlement of post-war issues will be seized upon by isolationists in the United States, and by self-seeking dissidents in both the United States and the British nations, to bolster their particular objections to the wisest policies of collaboration. Loud-mouthed jingoes and chauvinists—who flourish during political crises—will put shortsighted national interests ahead of long-term plans to ensure justice and peace. Economic rivalry—which will be intense after the war—may jeopardize the good will developed during the common danger. Already there is much loose talk about the coming struggle between British and American airlines for the monopoly of the Pacific airways. Economic competition might easily engender enough ill feeling to cause a serious threat to Anglo-American friendship.

In the United States, it is well to remember, isolationists and high-tariff advocates have long made common cause. In 1919,

certain business magnates, desirous of maintaining monopolies and freezing out foreign competition, supplied unlimited funds to carry on the propaganda against the League of Nations. They believed, apparently, that American participation in world affairs would sooner or later break down the protecting tariff wall. There are indications today that the alliance between isolationists and hidebound protectionists is by no means dead.

But the people as a whole will be less inclined this time to follow false prophets. The gravity of the war crisis and the equal gravity of the coming peace settlement have made a deep impression upon English-speaking peoples everywhere. Political soothsayers, whether in America or the Antipodes, will find it harder to mould public opinion by playing upon traditional prejudices. Voters have learned a little geography and acquired a bit of historical background. Politicians will have to keep pace.

Although isolationist sentiment in the United States is still so strong that it must be reckoned with in considering any international problem, the public will not again be deluded into withdrawal from responsibility in the Pacific. Too many people have learned to worry over what will be done with Japan when she is conquered, whether we shall secure air bases in Truk or Formosa, whether France will have her Asiatic empire restored, whether we shall again need rubber from the Netherlands East Indies, what sort of permanent peace pact can be made between the United States, Great Britain and China, what are the intentions of Russia, the great enigma in the northern Pacific, and a score of similar questions. Only the less intelligent isolationists will dare to counsel withdrawal when the war is over. The chief danger is that the public will be content with halfhearted participation and will grow tired of the immense burden, financial and moral, of helping to administer distant territories. But there are grounds for hope that the American people have caught a vision of a new manifest destiny which promises a higher good than that of mere material aggrandizement—the insurance of peace and justice in the Pacific.

GLANCES AT SPANISH-AMERICAN LITERATURE

T. B. Irving

WHEN one talks of Spanish-American literature, a score of problems come to mind and among them the old question of whether we are to discuss Latin-, Ibero-, Hispano-, or Spanish-American literature. In this sketch I propose to use the term "Spanish-American" since I am deliberately excluding Portuguese- and French-American works in order to concentrate on those literary manifestations written in the Castilian tongue on the American continent.

Spanish-American literature is distinguished by two tendencies: the Hispanic and the American; and it derives just as strongly from the New World as from the Old. Its dual nature gives it an added interest, for we can thereby watch the adjustments of the Old World transplanted to the New, an aspect which has been evoked for most of us in Thornton Wilder's *Bridge of San Luis Rey*, with its tableau of the vice-kingdom of Peru still linked together by Incan bridges.

I

If we start with the properly American tendency of this literature, we must go back to the Indian influence, which the Peruvian writer Luis Alberto Sánchez insists has been so penetrating that he talks of the Indo-American novel. The first recorded Amerindian works are the verses of Netzahualcóyotl, the poet-king of Tezcoco whom we meet in Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*; but the Indian influence goes back even further to the Mayas of North America, and to the pre-Incas in the south, while aboriginal folk strains can still be heard today in such a modern medium as a Victor recording.[1] The indigenous was swamped at the Conquest, and survived in only a few writings of the Nobles' school set up by the missionaries in Mexico, or in the famous Lienzo de Tlaxcala which is not so much a document as a picture gallery along the lines of the Bayeux tapestry. And then too, we find the Spaniard's twinge of conscience in the burning condemnation of Las Casas, the first

[1]Perhaps the most interesting of these records is *Caminante del Mayab* and *Yucalpetén*, two songs sung in the old style, but in Spanish, lamenting the past glories of Yucatan.

bishop of Chiapas; or in the Conqueror's admiration for his native foe, of which the outstanding example is Alonso de Ercilla's epic *La Araucana*.

The indigenous returns to the Spanish-American literary scene with the schools of naturalism and the struggle of the masses in the Andean countries for their due place in society. I consider that the first manifestation of this sort was in the Argentine, a country which is usually considered the most white of any part of Spanish America. This was in connection with the gaucho, and had its origins in Argentine folklore. The gaucho was not Indian, he was *mestizo* (of mixed white and Indian blood); but he personified the latent spirit of revolt of the Indian against his Spanish master, and of the free Spanish adventurer against the trammels of civilization, just as in Canada the coureur-de-bois and the lumberjack fled to breathe the free air of the woods, and gave similar inspiration to the poems of Drummond and the novels of Ralph Connor.

The gaucho lived on the vast flat pampas and, like our cowboy, was sad with the nostalgia engendered by the farflung spaces: he sang of his loneliness and of his loves, and of burnt-out campfires, as did the Arabs in their *Seven Golden Odes*. As happens with many a primitive people, he sang his songs to the accompaniment of his plaintive guitar, till the city poets heard and set out to imitate him. It was José Hernández who immortalized him in his epic *Martín Fierro*, the only epic outside of Ercilla's *Araucana* composed on this continent.[2] It was the start of a genre that has reached even Disney. Nevertheless, the gaucho could not stand up to the advance of civilization, and modern tales about him are as romanticized as the story that every budding Canadian high school author would write about the Fall of New France. He could not face the changing environment, and while he symbolized the battle for liberty against the tyrants of the early Argentine Republic, it was a wild freedom he sought, like that of the matamor of the Spanish middle ages, a sort of liberty which can best be appreciated if one has read the *romancero* of Spain. The most civilized of the later works was perhaps Ricardo Güiraldes' *Don Segundo Sombra*, in which the hero, realizing that his race is dying out, effaces himself.[3]

[2]Trans. Walter Owen (Oxford, 1935). Where an English translation of any work mentioned is available, I shall quote it.

[3]Trans. Harriet de Onís (New York, Farrar and Rinehart, 1935).

We can also meet him in the writings of the modern Argentine and Uruguayan *costumbristas*.[4]

The great field for the Indian element in Spanish-American literature is in those regions where the Indian is still strong and living, and where his enduring problems must be worked out: the Andes and Mexico. Here the work may take the form of a passionate plea for justice as in the Peruvian Ciro Alegría's *El mundo es ancho y ajeno*,[5] and the young Chilean Fernando Alegría's more romantic story of the Araucanian chief, *Lautaro*. I am mentioning these two writers because they won last year's and this year's prize for a Spanish-American novel to be translated into English, and their books are therefore not hard to procure. It may be significant that it is the Chilean who, like the Canadian, idealizes the noble savage because in both countries the red man has gone to take his place in the hall of vanished heroes, and already savours of those ancient times which are better for being dead and gone. In fact, in Chile the real modern vestige of the Indian is somewhat analogous to that of the gaucho across the Andes; he is the *roto*, the city tramp who is forever preoccupied with his pangs of hunger and his quest for oblivion through drink. Edwards Bello has written of him in his novel *El roto*, which is a piece of literary realism, as are his other works on Chilean life.[6]

For the real Indian we must proceed further north, to the Bolivian and Peruvian plateau, and the weird struggle of man against a nature which is as tyrannous as man can be against his fellow. Even a Spanish writer like Vicente Blasco Ibáñez was attracted by this life during his stay in the Andean regions of northern Argentina, and he wrote gripping tales of the coca-eating packbearers. In Peru, the Indian consciousness has its focus in Aprism, the movement which would grant the Quechua-speaking Indian rights and land. Along with many another American theme, the late poet José Santos Chocano sang of this Indian, dispossessed by the Conquest. Haya de la Torre is the leader of the Apristas, a strange and nervous man who has wandered through

[4]Writers of novels of manners. Cf. Waldo Frank's edition *Tales from the Argentine*; trans. Anita Brenner (New York, Farrar and Rinehart, 1931).

[5]Trans. Harriet de Onís, *Broad and Alien is the World* (New York, Farrar and Rinehart, 1942); *Lautaro* will be published by the same house later this year.

[6]Cf. *Valparaíso, la ciudad del viento* (Valparaiso, the Windy City). Neither of these works has been translated into English to my knowledge.

many lands and seen his followers proscribed. Of these, the most notable are Luis Alberto Sánchez, whose insistence on the term "Indo-American" we have already noticed, and Manuel Seoane. Both have contributed notably to the world of letters in Chile, where they are in the publishing business. They have also toured the United States quite recently, and it is a pity that they were not invited to come to Canada then. In similar vein, the Ecuadorian Jorge Icaza has given a poignant story about the Northern exploiters of the forest Indian in their search for raw materials, and the appalling and devastating misery that follows in their wake.

But it is in Mexico and her Revolution that the problem of the Indian has been worked out with most colour and life. The motives of the Mexican Revolution have not been altogether clear to the *indito*, except that he had no land and that he needed it in order to live;[7] the men who started the movement were idealists like its prophet Madero, Mexicans who were in contact with Europe and were trained to theorize. Although not a writer, Diego Rivera has painted his message so stirringly that he must be included here as a symbol, the symbol of a land of illiterates who read best through pictures. He had been sent to Europe by the dictator Díaz, the Indian president who had been a disciple of the great Juárez but who had preferred to fall back on privilege and to imitate the French. As a result, young Rivera had the opportunity of going to Europe to study, where he learned all the classical techniques, while watching the unrest during the last war, especially in Russia. He then returned home to toss aside his proven methods and work out new ones, searching for a Mexican art form that would use native colours and styles to interpret the strivings of his countrymen. His frescoes in the public buildings of Mexico recall the picture histories of the pre-Conquest period, and therefore have some valid relation to literature. They might be said to constitute a third epic of our continent.

The paradox of Mexico is typified in one of the great novels about the Revolution: Mariano Azuela's *Los de abajo*.[8] The peasant Demetrio Macías is literally driven to revolt when the federals burn his farm; while Luis Cervantes, the medical student from the capital (he may typify the physician Azuela and his

[7]Cf. the beginning of Anita Brenner's recent work *The Wind that Swept Mexico* (New York, Harper, 1943) for this mood.

[8]Trans. Enrique Munguía, *The Underdogs* (New York, Brentano's, 1929).

idealist beginnings) has to prove his good faith with the *peones* before they will accept him. Gradually Cervantes becomes disillusioned as he follows Macías' band throughout northern Mexico and realizes the aimlessness of all this fighting and nomadism, while Demetrio cannot get his roving spirit out of his blood. Another novelist, Martín Luis Guzmán, set down the story of one of these real *caudillos* (revolutionary leaders), Pancho Villa, in his *El águila y la serpiente*;[9] while the Indian himself becomes the hero of a work like Gregorio López y Fuentes' *El Indio*.[10]

The colour of Mexico is reflected again in the wilds of Colombia and Venezuela. Back in the last century Jorge Isaacs wrote the idyll *María*, a South-American version of Chateaubriand's *Atala*, but with all the lusher foliage of the Colombian jungle.[11] Another countryman of Isaacs', José Eustasio Rivera, has given us in *La vorágine* the tropical forest where man becomes a beast.[12] He and Icaza make us realize why South America has never gone inland and how Brazil lost the rubber trade—just as Canada has had difficulty in pushing up to the cruel north.

It is in Venezuela, perhaps, that the greatest American novel has been written, and it is on this same subject: *Doña Bárbara* by Rómulo Gallegos.[13] Doña Bárbara imposes her will upon her men just as the wilds in their turn dominate them. And here too in Venezuela Blanco Fombona, the anti-Yankee who suffered under the tyrant Gómez, wrote his *Hombre de oro*, whose title conjures up the old legend of El Dorado for us.[14]

In Venezuela we meet another element—the Negro, although his great poet is the Cuban, Nicolás Guillén. As in the United States, the Negro has developed new rhythms, new techniques in language, and a new movement is growing up that is most interesting to study. But now that we have assembled all these elements, the white, the red, and the black man, it is time to turn to a great poet who combined all three, the Nicaraguan, Rubén Darío.

[9]Trans. Harriet de Onís, *The Eagle and the Serpent* (New York, Knopf, 1930).
[10]Trans. Anita Brenner (Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill, 1937).
[11]Trans. R. Ogden (New York, Harper, 1918).
[12]Trans. E. K. James, *The Vortex* (New York, Putnam, 1920).
[13]Trans. Robert Malloy (New York, Cooper and Smith, 1931).
[14]Trans. Isaac Goldberg, *The Man of Gold* (New York, Brentano's, 1920).

II

There had been poets before in America, to be sure: Netzahualcóyotl, the pre-Cortesian, or Ercilla, the transplanted Spaniard. There had been Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, the first woman university student on our continent, a genius who was thwarted after writing possibly the best Spanish verses of her day in the Old or New World, and was last seen writing in the sand of the patio of her convent for the children, after her books and papers had been taken from her. Sor Juana is a sad figure, misplaced three centuries ago, symbolic of the sterile atmosphere of the colonial period before the masses or women had been emancipated.

But it is Rubén Darío who was the great American poet, so great that he bears comparison with any of the Old World; indeed he was one who taught Europe in his day. He was born in Nicaragua in the year of the Canadian confederation, and he died during the last war. His first work was published when he was twenty-one, and its title *Azul. . .* ("Blue. . .") shows his early inclination to symbolism. He went to Chile and from there to Argentina. Then *La Nación*, the great paper of Buenos Aires, sent him to Europe as its correspondent. We shall frequently observe how kind South America can be to its men of letters, as if it feels a debt toward them to be paid by encouragement. In consequence, the Latin-American writer has another characteristic: he travels, often on a shoestring, but with the result that he is continuously awakened by fresh experiences. One wonders if magazine canvassing or cattle-boating will be as fruitful for Canada!

Darío cultivated free verse, and he admired Whitman; in fact, one of his best sonnets is addressed to the North-American poet. We noticed that he was one of our first symbolists, if not the first in the world, and since he knew many writers in Spain and France, his influence spread (Poe was the other American who had a like vogue in Europe). And just as Darío saluted Whitman, so he found a lesson in America, and took native heroes like the Araucanian chief Caupolicán as his own. He rejoiced in being an American, and never since has the Latino been ashamed of it. Nevertheless, he did not spurn the traditional writers, and he talks affectionately of Cervantes and Don Quijote.

South America has nurtured many poets, but they have been surer of themselves since Darío. We have already touched on some of them, so it remains to talk of those who have been left out.[15]

III

At the turn of the century, it was perhaps in Mexico that poetry flourished, as latterly it has in Chile. In the Mexican's verses we can sense the movement of the Mexican city street and countryside. Amado Nervo was the greatest of these poets, though we might also mention Gutiérrez Nájera, or González Martínez who came down from Sinaloa to pass into diplomacy. Nervo was an ascetic who was absorbed with life yet fled it, who was shy of challenging reality. This is a phase of the spirit which the contemporary philosopher, Samuel Ramos, has dubbed the "Egyptianism" of the Indian. His country made Nervo her minister to Uruguay, and it is dramatic how the whole continent joined to honour him when he died in 1919: a flotilla of warships from several lands formed a peaceful convoy to escort him home to Veracruz.

Before passing on to the present, we should look at José Asunción Silva, who was influenced by Poe and Baudelaire, and wrote under the symbolist banner. He lived in Bogotá, the Athens of America as it likes to call itself, although we would understand it better as the Boston of South America. This poet turned insane and died before the end of the century, a few years before his Canadian contemporary Emile Nelligan lost his reason. It is in his *Nocturnas* that one can best catch his strange and beautiful moods; and they merit being heard again and again, for they have the magical effect of an air of Debussy.

More recently there has been a flourishing of the schools, which is perhaps indicative of French influence, although T. S. Eliot is also well known. Victoria Ocampo has spread his ideas in her magazine *Sur*, which resembles the *Nouvelle Revue Française* or Ortega's *Revista del Occidente*. Rather than list a horde of names, it will be better to discuss only two, leaving the rest to be found in Craig's volume, already mentioned.[15]

First I shall choose Gabriela Mistral, the poetess laureate of Chile. In her youth, this country school-teacher lost her lover,

[15] *The Modernist Trend in Spanish-American Poetry* by G. Dundas Craig (Berkeley, University of California Press, 1934) will furnish material for study of most of these poets, along with English translations of representative verse.

and her grief made her seek an outlet in poetry. This is shot through with an exotic tendency which is none too consistent with religious orthodoxy; it is Buddhist and Hebraic in general, and utilizes a variety of sometimes crude symbols in order to express her experiences. At the present time she is her country's consul general in Rio de Janeiro, and she has exerted a considerable influence in other parts of America through her ideas on education.

Another Chilean is Pablo Neruda, who is only in his early forties now. Perhaps through his travels in the Orient he was at first inclined to romantic surrealism and symbolism, so that he cultivated the poetic art for its own sake and was not greatly concerned with other matters. He was consul in Madrid at the outbreak of the Civil War, and like many modern Spaniards, he was then converted to the urgency of more than passive resistance to the forces of reaction; consequently he has spent the past few years in converting others through his own poetry. His poems are well known, and can be found in many magazines, crying for action on the contemporary scene. However, he writes too swiftly, cries too loudly, to be considered a poet of the very first rank, although his *Stalingrad Poem* is of more heroic proportions than any other work on the present war.

This reminds us of the fertilizing influence of the refugees from the Spanish Civil War, who have settled mainly in Mexico. They include such illustrious names as José Bergamín, Benjamín Jarnés, Agustín Millares, Díez Cañedo, Joaquín Xirau, Ramón Iglesia Parga. It is the spirit of tolerance which has procured their welcome even more than the reputation of the men themselves, and it is this spirit which bids fair to make of Mexico one of the great centres of liberty and culture on this continent of ours. General Cárdenas, the past president of Mexico and now Minister of National Defence, and Alfonso Reyes, who knew many of these men during his diplomatic career in Europe, are two of those responsible for bringing the Spaniards to this side of the Atlantic.

We might also include some of those men who likewise fled the civil war, but did not share pro-Republican sentiments. The most famous is Ortega y Gasset, the philosopher, who went to what was for him the more congenial atmosphere of Buenos Aires. He had been instrumental in introducing the newer German philosophers to Spain, and his *Revista del Occidente* was a potent voice in the past two decades throughout the Spanish-speaking world.

IV

While poetry has its message for us, Spanish America can perhaps be best studied in the novel. We have already spoken of the Indian novel; those of a different sort remain to be considered. These are in general realistic and portray contemporary life in a documentary fashion which makes them worth reading if only for their record of South American society. Yet sometimes there is also a tendency to fantasy that has its own charm too.

Argentina has been most prolific in this field of writing, for it is the most conscious of the role that the book has played in French life, and it would imitate France. Manuel Gálvez has written of Argentina and of Buenos Aires,[16] Benito Lynch is another painstaking craftsman, and Hugo Wast might be offered as the fashionable hack who manufactures his novels like any writer for the *Cosmopolitan* or the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

When one crosses the Andes one finds by contrast that the Chilean seems to have a finer sense of the artistic. Eduardo Barrios writes from a psychological viewpoint: his *Hermano Asno*[17] probes into the trials of monastic life; while *El Niño que se enloqueció por amor* is an unforgettable tale of a little ten-year-old boy who falls madly in love with a friend of his mother's and loses his mind because the woman involved cannot share his precocious feelings. We find something exotic in these studies, as we do while reading a description of the Andean landscape. Pedro Prado's *Alsino* is an example; it is the story of a little hunchback who realizes his dream of flying. Prado could also write a convincing moral study of the problems facing an idealistic judge in *El Juez rural*. We might recommend Mariano Latorre's short stories on Chile at this point, and then pass on to Augusto Thomson ("d'Halmar"), another Chilean who lived for some time in India. There he came under the influence of Buddhist thought, and *Nirvana* is a specimen of the type of work he was inspired to write.

All this is indicative of the striving of the South American for something which approaches a fresh or ideal experience. It may be an attempt for artistic perfection, as with the Venezuelan Díaz Rodrígues who wrote *Idolos rotos* ("Broken Idols"), or a yearning

[16]Cf. *Miércoles Santo*, trans. W. B. Wells, *Holy Wednesday* (New York, Appleton, 1934).

[17]It can be read in *Fiesta in November*, edited by K. F. Porter (New York, Houghton Miffiin, 1942) where it is called *Brother Ass*.

for a past Golden Age as with Enrique Rodríguez Larreta's evocation of Philip II's Spain in *La gloria de don Ramiro*. Spain has exerted an influence over the romantically inclined Spanish American much as Britain has over the Canadian, and a man like the Uruguayan Carlos Reyles can start with a native romantic evocation like *El gaucho florido*, and end by reconstructing the bewitching spell of Seville in *El embrujo de Sevilla*.[18]

V

There is still one literary form to consider: the essay and philosophical treatise. As in the other genres, this has from the beginning revolved around the problem of America as a continent. Much of the content has been by way of reply to the Spenglerian challenge that we are dying with Europe, although it goes beyond Spengler to follow the later German philosophers (the Ortegan school is seen at work here). None the less, it has not been quite "isolationist," but as my friend Professor Torres-Ríoseco states in his *Epic of Latin American Literature:* "Literary Americanism . . . does not imply any chauvinistic notions of originality at all costs; it does not suggest that to treat of new topics, Spanish American writers must necessarily abandon the achievements of literary technique and tradition. Rather, it describes the growing effort of a New World to express that which is closest to its soil and truest to its racial temperament."[19] Canada has much to learn both in technique and philosophy from these men.

The first of our Americanists, and in some ways the greatest for having been the first, was the Argentine Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, who had to flee from the tyrant Rosas. Rosas' power was based on a primitive brutality, and Sarmiento fought him on that ground, so that his important work *Facundo* was also entitled *La Civilización y la barbarie*.[20] In the latter half of the same century, the Cuban martyr José Martí was to carry on the same liberating mission in the north. Sarmiento also founded and wrote for the Chilean paper *El Mercurio*, and took issue with Bello Cuervo, the Colombian-born grammarian, against the slavish imitation of

[18]Trans. Jacques LeClerq, *Castanets* (New York, Longmans Green, 1929).

[19]*Op. cit.*, p. 133. This is the most up-to-date survey of the literature we are discussing and was published by the Oxford Press in New York last fall (1942).

[20]Trans. Mrs. Horace Mann, *Life in the Argentine Republic in the Days of the Tyrants*, or *Civilization and Barbarism* (London, 1868).

Spanish and academic models. It was much later before North Americans were to deal with the same themes.

The second great name in the Americanist movement is José Enrique Rodó, the Uruguayan philosopher who died a quarter-century ago. In 1900 he wrote his masterpiece *Ariel*[21] which is a treatise on democracy. In it he pointed out the drawbacks of unconcern toward political realities and of the worship of the colossal that would arise within the democratic structure. He preferred to strive after pure beauty and abstraction, and his flowery style is a little dated now. Still Rodó is all too little known in these parts, and this classic bears reading today.

Before passing further north, I shall mention the young Argentine essayist and critic, Eduardo Mallea, who is much preoccupied with the problems of today;[22] and Germán Arciniegas, the Colombian who claims that America should not be divided into North and South but into East and West. Arciniegas points out that those countries and cities bordering upon the Atlantic are more open to European influence, and that Buenos Aires, Rio, Havana, and New York are more Old World in spirit; while those parts on the Pacific slope are affected through their isolation from the Eastern coast by mountains and from Asia by a vast ocean, so that at the same time they cling more to the traditional while paradoxically moving toward a more purely autonomous type of culture based more on their own innovations and requirements and less on what Paris and London dictate. We know the case of California and Hollywood already, and this may also explain Albertan acceptance of Social Credit when the older communities rejected it.

The last case study is Mexico. Here we must guard against thinking that the Revolution broke with everything and that it is too anarchic to have a tradition of thought. Díaz had attempted to "stabilize" the country after the struggles under Santa Ana and Juárez, and in doing so he tried to graft on the manifestations of French and European culture which Maximilian and Carlota had introduced. He founded the great Palace of Fine Arts, and encouraged Justo Sierra, the Yucatecan historian and educator,[23]

[21]Trans. F. J. Stimson (New York, Houghton Mifflin, 1922).

[22]Included in *Fiesta in November*. See note 17.

[23]His *Evolucion política del pueblo mexicano* is one of the finest panoramas of Mexican history ever written in one volume. It was reprinted in 1940 by the

to reëstablish the National University of Mexico. Sierra gathered the youth of the day together in an Atheneum, and before his death at the beginning of the Revolution, he had managed to inculcate into men like Alfonso Reyes, Antonio Caso, and José Vasconcelos, a zeal for clear thinking and fine culture that persists in their work today, and continues in that of their pupils. Vasconcelos was the minister of education who gave the bare walls of the ministry over to Rivera, and though he has since become a pro-Fascist and anti-Indian, he can be thanked for this act. Professor Caso is a sociologist who has humanized Mexican thought, and whose classes are still thronged. Dr Reyes has been mentioned before in connection with the Spanish refugees; he has had a brilliant diplomatic career, and is a distinguished critic and essayist who is acclaimed wherever Spanish is read as the purest aesthete of the present day. Nor must we forget Samuel Ramos, a younger man who calls himself an anthropological philosopher, and whose *Perfil del hombre y de la cultura en México*[24] is the best book for the beginner in Spanish who would understand the temperament of the city Mexican, and of the Indian faced with the advance of the machine age upon his age-old fields.

VI

Spanish-American literature should be of particular interest to Canadians. While it is a young and vigorous literature it has, none the less, struggled with the problem of adjusting the Old World to the New longer than we have. Compared with Spanish America, our accommodation to our continent is still in a state of flux. Many of us believe that Canadian spontaneity has suffered from a suspicion of native ideas. Both the French Canadian who in many ways does not know his motherland as well as the South American knows France, and the English-speaking Canadian who is too timid to strike out on models different from those of New York or London, would gain by knowing this New World which, while it does not spurn the Old, still keeps firmly in mind the value of creative culture and strives to give it form.

Fondo de Cultura Económica, México, D.F.; and takes one up to the end of the Díaz period. Anita Brenner's *The Wind that Swept Mexico* will bring the whole history up to date. See note 17.

[24] *Librería Botas*, México, D.F.; 2da.edicíon, 1940.

NOTES ON MILTON'S EARLY DEVELOPMENT

A. S. P. Woodhouse

ANY study of the pattern of Milton's early development must almost inevitably be a set of footnotes to Professor J. H. Hanford's great essay "The Youth of Milton,"[1] and to later treatments of the subject, which register agreement, disagreement or partial agreement with it.

Hanford's central contention is that an important key to the pattern can be found in the *Apology for Smectymnuus* (1642), where Milton traces the progress of his early thinking, not on poetry directly, but on beauty, love and chastity, through his reading in the Latin elegists, the poets of the Petrarchian tradition, the Renaissance romances, "the shady spaces of philosophy, . . . Plato and his equal Xenophon," and last ("not in time but as perfection is last") the teachings, practical and mystic, of the Christian religion.[2] Placing this formulation beside the early poems, Hanford discovered that, in so far as they bore on kindred themes, they kept pace with it. He was accordingly led to regard *Elegy* 6 (December 1629), in which Milton recounts the composition of the *Nativity Ode*, and repudiates the elegiac response to life and love, as a decisive turning point in his early development, and to associate it with some sort of religious experience, whose outcome and record was the *Nativity Ode*. Henceforth, he felt, Milton was done with the poetry of erotic emotion, whether in the elegiac or Petrarchian vein, regarded himself as a dedicated spirit, and had his feet firmly planted on the path that led to *Paradise Lost*. The decision did not, he admitted, preclude the writing of a good ideal of secular verse in the remaining years at Cambridge. But his view necessitated the placing of *Sonnets* 1 - 6 (though strangely enough, not the *Song on May Morning*) before December 1629.

Sir Herbert Grierson[3] demurred to this early date for the sonnets; and instead of Hanford's reading of the youth of Milton he presented a view of the period that left the poet without any

[1] *Studies in Shakespeare, Milton and Donne. By Members of the English Department of the University of Michigan* (1925), 87-164.

[2] Milton, *Works*, Columbia University Press (hereafter called *Columbia Milton*), 3. 302-6.

[3] Milton, *Poems in Chronological Order*, ed. H. J. C. Grierson (1925), 1. xvii-xviii, xxi.

clear sense of direction whatsoever till *Ad Patrem*, which he placed after the performance, and perhaps the publication, of *Comus* (1634-7).[4] Mr. Tillyard,[5] on the contrary, accepted Hanford's interpretation but argued, correctly I think, against the early dating of the sonnets.

I agree with Hanford and Tillyard as against Grierson. That Hanford has seized upon one of the main lines of Milton's early development is put beyond question by its patent culmination in *Comus*. But I think that the decision which Milton finally reached in respect of his poetry, and the religious experience from which the decision sprang, turned on a larger axis than the rejection of the elegiac and the erotic. This becomes clear if *Sonnet 7, How soon hath Time* (which the critics have either virtually ignored or misinterpreted) is given its proper place as the record of an experience just as definite and far more decisive than that of the *Nativity Ode* and *Elegy* 6. For it is impossible to escape the conclusion that there is some fading of the experience recorded in the latter poems and some relapse from the position which they attain—it is not a question of *Sonnets* 1 - 6 only, but of the other secular verse as well. On the threshold of the Horton period Milton's act of self-dedication required to be renewed, as it was in *Sonnet* 7. From the determination there taken, to live and write hereafter "As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye," there is no retreat: it leaves its mark on the whole of Milton's subsequent career. And this time the decision subsumes in silence the rejection of erotic in favour of religious themes. Moreover, the recognition that if the December of 1629 sees a first decision and resolve, that of 1632[6] sees its final and irrevocable confirmation, removes the difficulty of *Sonnets* 1 - 6 and the other secular verse of 1630-2.

It is impossible in the space at my disposal to attempt a rounded picture of Milton's early development. I must content myself with a few notes by way of introduction, chiefly on the poetry up to and including the *Nativity Ode*, most of which can be dated with precision, to be followed by a more detailed examination of the remaining poems of Cambridge and the first few months at Horton, whose chronology is much more problematical.

[4] *Ibid.*, xxi-xxiii. [5] E. M. W. Tillyard, *Milton* (1930), 13, 40-50, 372-3.

[6] *How soon hath Time* has usually been dated December 1631; but Professor W. R. Parker's argument for 1632 ("Some Problems in the Chronology of Milton's Early Poems," *Review of English Studies*, 11 [1935]. 276-9) is completely convincing. To it I refer the reader, and to this important article in general.

Milton appears to have come up to Cambridge, as Professor Haller[7] has shown, destined for a place in the brotherhood of Puritan preachers, whose nerve-centre the University had been. But that he also entertained ambitions in poetry from a very early date is to be inferred from his statement in *At a Vacation Exercise* (1628) and from his eager quest of facility and felicity in expression through practice, which commenced two years earlier and went on throughout the Cambridge period. Presumably his intention, if he paused to formulate it definitely to himself, was to pursue poetry as secondary to his clerical avocation, after the manner of the admired Giles and Phineas Fletcher. We do not know the precise point at which he abandoned his intention of taking holy orders and decided to devote himself only to poetry; but, dependent as it must have been on the success of his early efforts, the decision can hardly have come much before his final year at Cambridge. Moreover, there is reason, as we shall see, to suppose that when it was first taken it did not involve a complete transfer of the sense of "calling" from the pulpit to poetry. Only as he enters, at Horton, upon the definite preparation for his life-work does renewed self-examination issue in the renewed dedication of himself and his writing to the service of God. The seal of it is *Sonnet 7*, with its resolve to live and work "As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye." But in this Milton was simply following out his bent; for it is a significant fact that his religious experience was closely associated with his poetry and usually sought expression in it. The first great example is the *Nativity Ode;* the second, the sonnet *How soon hath Time.*

Before the former poem (December 1629) and again thereafter, Milton was chiefly intent in his poetry upon making himself perfect through practice, and the possession of a university audience was a useful asset.[8] The early Latin poetry, and especially the *liber*

[7]William Haller, *The Rise of Puritanism* (1938), 288-323.

[8]The influence of the audience on Milton's early verse should receive more attention. (1) For the home circle, a chief fostering influence on his religion and also his literary ambitions, he wrote the *Fair Infant*, and probably the *Nativity Ode*. (2) To Diodati, a confidant of these ambitions, and the only confidant of his emotional experiences, he addressed *Elegies* 1 and 6, and one of the Italian Sonnets; and he may well have had Diodati in mind, as well as the university audience (for there was some ground common to both), when he wrote *Elegies* 7 and 5, the Companion Pieces, and indeed much of his academic verse. The principal importance of Diodati is that he was an ideal audience for emerging

Elegiarum, completed by the end of 1629, deserve much more attention than we can here give them. They will never be properly comprehended till they are studied in relation to the Renaissance tradition of humanistic verse: Milton must be set among his fellows —Beza and Joannes Secundus, Buchanan and Grotius, Thomas Campion and the Fletchers, to select six or seven names—and his

interests which lay outside the home circle. (3) For the university audience Milton produced, in whole or in part, about three fifths of the poetry of the Cambridge period, including all the Latin verse except *Elegies* 1, 4 and 6.

His temporary sense of alienation from the university audience can be dated with some precision; and this in turn confirms the chronological order of the *Prolusions* as that in which they are printed and helps to establish their dates. Milton returned from his rustication with no such sense of alienation; for in the autumn of 1626 he produced in rapid succession five ambitious Latin poems for the audience. Then, after *In Quintum Novembris* (1626), he falls suddenly silent, writing up to May 1628, only two poems: the *Fair Infant* (for the home circle, dated by W. R. Parker in January, 1628), and *Elegy* 4 (1627), which is addressed to his old tutor, Thomas Young, and significantly says no word of Cambridge, but dwells solely on the happy days of their association, mentioning the present only to inveigh against the hard lot of Young, the Puritan exile. Surely this silence is due to a suddenly realized alienation from his fellow collegians. But this sense is clearly expressed in *Prolusion* 1, which presumably belongs shortly after *In Quintum Novembris*, or early in 1627. The next allusion to the matter is in *Prolusion* 6 (June 1628), which announces the end of hostilities, and with it comes the resumption of academic verse in the *Vacation Exercise*. *Prolusion* 6 alludes to Milton's surprise and pleasure at the friendly reception of a recent oration in the College, which can only be *Prolusion* 4. This sign of good will would seem to have occurred shortly before the one essay in academic verse between *In Quintum Novembris* and the *Vacation Exercise*: the spirited *Elegy* 7 (May 1628). A letter to Gill (July 2, 1628) records the composition of *Natura non pati senium* at the request of one of the Fellows, another mark of the *rapprochement*, but refers, no doubt in retrospect, to the loneliness of the past months and the absence of literary companionship in this modern Thebes. *Prolusion* 2 bears on the question only in so far as it is a presentation of one of the ideals that gained Milton the title of the "Lady." *Prolusion* 3 carries the war on the subject of their studies (described in *Prolusion* 6 as a chief cause of quarrel) into the enemy's camp. The well-received *Prolusion* 4 and *Prolusion* 5 treat arid topics of the schools in a completely prefunctory fashion, save as regards style. Thus there is no difficulty in accepting the *Prolusions* as chronologically arranged. *Prolusion* 7 bears every indication of belonging to the autumn of 1631. Tillyard's argument for placing *Prolusion* 2 near December 1629 because, like the *Nativity Ode*, it concerns itself with the Music of the Spheres, is cancelled out by the fact that *L'Allegro* (placed in the summer of 1631, at his instance) draws on *Prolusion* 1, which we have shown to belong to early 1627. That the restoration of his university audience meant a good deal to Milton is seen in the confidences uttered in the *Vacation Exercise*, and the pleasant memory of the audience retained in *Lycidas* 32-6.

debt to the Roman elegists must be more precisely stated.[9] The four monodies[10] (two in elegiac, two in non-elegiac verse, but scarcely distinguishable in tone) are mere exercises in aesthetic pattern, on themes which move him not at all; but his first essay in the elegiac epistle (*Elegy* 1, To Charles Diodati, spring 1626) is in different case: Milton is embodying in the poem, perhaps with a good deal of imaginative heightening, his own experience, and by thus objectifying his experience, and compelling it to submit to the discipline of an aesthetic pattern, he at once realizes the experience to the full and establishes his ascendancy over it. Subtler examples of this process occur in later poems, and first in *Elegy* 7 (May 1628). Milton is not the first poet to have defied the god of love and felt his swift revenge. This is the theme of the gay little poem with which Ovid opens the *Amores*. From it spring such variations on the theme as the Prelude to Book I of the *Elegies* of Joannes Secundus, the ninth elegy of Buchanan, *De Neaera*, and this of Milton's. They are equally original, though Milton's

[9]In the Renaissance the term *elegy* connoted a poem (if in Latin) in elegiac metre, and in the general tradition of the Roman elegists. Among these love had been the dominant theme (in the *Amores* of Ovid, in Tibullus, and in the bulk of Propertius), as it continued to be in some Renaissance elegists, in Joannes Secundus, in Campion, to a considerable degree in Buchanan, and (in English) in Donne. That Milton thought of love as the characteristic subject of elegy is clear from his remarks in *Elegy* 6 and the *Apology for Smectymnuus*, but of his seven *Elegies* only Nos. 7 and 5, with a part of No. 1, are on erotic themes. Nor are the rest of them at all pagan in attitude or tone. It is, indeed, very easy to exaggerate the contrast between Milton's early Latin and English verse; and he himself invited a measure of misapprehension by appending a retraction to his published *Elegies*. Actually two of them are monodies (indistinguishable in tone from his two non-elegiac monodies), and three are verse epistles. The extension of elegy here illustrated has plenty of precedent in the Renaissance: for example, in Grotius, and (in English) in Drayton, other subjects go near to crowding out the erotic altogether. The extension begins, however, with the Romans: Ovid introduces in the *Amores* a lament for the dead Tibullus, and Propertius occasionally turns to mythological and other subjects; but the principal innovation is in Ovid's use of the elegiac form for personal epistles, in the *Tristia* and *Ex Ponto*. This is the origin of the elegiac epistle as practised by Milton and his fellows. Milton's chief Roman model is Ovid, whom he has the hardihood to compare to Homer and Virgil (*Elegy* 1); but he differs very widely in attitude and tone from the sophisticated poet of pleasure. To Tibullus he owes little. From Propertius, whose intensity and intricacy of feeling suggests Donne and not Milton, he probably learned to pack his *Elegies* with allusions to classic myth.

[10]*Elegies* 2 and 3; *In Obitum Praesulis Eliensis*; *In Obitum Procancellarii medici* (Sept.-Oct., 1626).

is the most elaborate. Here he adopts a narrative pattern and shows that he has mastered in a single lesson Ovid's art of slight, but firmly handled, and rapidly unfolding story. The Ovidian influence, however, seems to be momentarily crossed by one from Chaucer's (or some other) mediaeval dream poem (the dream device having been already used in *Elegy* 3). And what is more important, the tone of the elegy is neither Ovid's nor that of his other Renaissance imitators, but Milton's own, marked by a new ardour, but also, like his other early writings, by the beauty of innocence, whose origin Milton correctly divined: in part it sprang from his Christian education, in part from his personal temper, an innate modesty, "a certain niceness of nature" and "an honest haughtiness and self-esteem."[11]

Elegy 5, *In Adventum Veris* (May 1629), the peak of Milton's earlier Latin poetry, adopts the language and the pagan spirit of the tradition in which it consciously takes its place. Not that one can point to any single model in Ovid and his fellows, or (save in the most general terms) in the Renaissance. Even in Tibullus nature plays a small part; and, despite the invitation in much of classic myth and popular custom, the theme of love and spring-time rarely come together in Roman poetry save in one or two of Horace's odes and the late *Pervigilium Veneris*. The development belongs rather to the Renaissance; and Milton's source has been sought in the *Maiae Calendae* of Buchanan, but there are important differences between the poems.[12] Buchanan's chief strength lies in the vivid portrayal of individual scenes, while his relatively loose structural pattern is controlled by the commonplace *carpe diem* motif of Horace.. Milton's firmer and more closely knit pattern turns on ideas, more interesting in themselves, whose origin is obviously his own experience. *Elegy* 5 is a sort of distillation of the whole body of classic myth relatable to love and the coming of spring. How else is one to account for the fact (already noticed by Mr Tillyard) that in some ways the closest analogue comes two centuries and a half later in Swinburne's "When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces"? The question sufficiently attests the note of frank acceptance, which is the true source of the pagan effect of *Elegy* 5. At the same time, because it is a record and a

[11] *Apology: Columbia Milton*, 3. 304.

[12] See Hanford, "Youth of Milton," 116-17, and Milton, *Latin Poems*, ed. W. MacKellar (1930).

realization of Milton's experience, and expressive of his personality, the paganism is once more tempered by the beauty of innocence that is his own.

These points can best be established by a rapid outline of the poem's pattern. (1) The first mark of spring is seen in the good green earth; (2) the second, in the reviving poetic impulse ("Do I mistake? Doth not my strength in song also return? At the spring's gift is not inspiration here?. . . The spring, the spring which gave me dower of my genius, my genius shall celebrate."[13]); (3) Poet and nightingale are respectively civic and sylvan heralds of the spring; and the rest of the elegy is presented as the poet's song. (4) First he sings of spring in the heavens, where Night retreats, and, with her, "bloodshed and fraud and violence"; next (5) of the Earth as she woos the returning sun-god; then (6) of human kind, as rejoicing they yield to the sway of Venus, Cupid and Hymen. (7) Finally, through the shepherds of Arcady and the deities of forest and field, the poet proceeds to the gods of high Olympus, who desert the sky for earth ("And now when the late twilight falls, fleet bands of satyrs skim over the blossomy fields. . . . The dryads, who hid amid old trees, now roam abroad over the ridges, over the lonely fields. Through tilth and covert riots Maenalian Pan. . . . The gods desert the sky for the woods of earth; every grove has its deity. Long may every grove have its deity! Gods, desert not, I pray you, your homes amid the trees.") (8) The prayer merges in the vain wish that the days of spring may pass slowly, postponing the return of winter and night.

The essence of the experience which the poem records is Milton's recognition that the emotions whose dawning power over him is recorded in *Elegies* 1 and 7, are universal in their sway. Common to all humanity, and having their counterpart in the life of nature, they not only inform classic myth, but are intimately connected with the poetic impulse itself: from these emotions spring the very power by which the poet gives them utterance. So much Milton clearly states. But in thus objectifying the emotions in terms of an aesthetic pattern, he in a way establishes his ascendancy over them. This Milton does not say, but he verifies it in the poem.

In the *Song on May Morning* most of the basic elements in the

[13]Moody and Rand's translation of the Latin poems (from Milton, *Poetical Works*, ed. W. V. Moody, in Houghton Mifflin's "Cambridge Poets" [1924]) is quoted throughout.

pattern of *Elegy* 5 are reduced to simplicity and set, as one may say, to an Elizabethan air:

> Hail bounteous May that dost inspire
> Mirth and youth and warm desire!
> Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
> Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
> Thus we salute thee with our early song
> And welcome thee, and wish thee long!

Fundamentally the conception and even the mood are the same, and equally different from those of *Elegy* 7 and of the sonnet *O Nightingale*. It seems altogether likely then that the *Song* belongs with *Elegy* 5 in the spring of 1629 rather than with either of these poems, in 1628 or 1630 respectively. Nor need the marked contrast in the mode of expression (which would weigh equally against the earlier and the later date) cause us any concern. Given Milton's interest in practice and experiment, what more likely than the essaying of the same conception and mood in widely different forms?

Of the three preoccupations of the young Milton, art, love and religion, the first two have now emerged. The third springs fully to life only with the *Nativity Ode*, though there are premonitory signs of his Puritanism in *Elegy* 4 (1627), and of his nascent religious idealism in *On the Death of a Fair Infant* (1628).

Taken together, the *Nativity Ode* and *How soon hath Time* give evidence of an experience which stands to Milton in place of what the Puritans called conversion. It differs in being closely connected with his poetry, in which it finds its chief expression. And it appears to differ in its gradual character and the absence of any marked self-abasement. But authoritative writers on conversion, while outlining the stages familiar to us all in the life and writings of Bunyan, do not fail to recognize that the process of regeneration is often gentle and gradual, the maturing of the seeds sown by a Christian education. "I do not," says Baxter, "call you to judge your state by the time and manner of your change so much as by the matter or thing itself. Find all that work upon your judgments, heart and life, that I have before laid down, and be sure it is there, and then, whensoever you came by it, you are happy."[14] And in

[14]Richard Baxter, *Treatise of Conversion* (1657), 111 (spelling modernized, as throughout quotations). On the Puritan literature of conversion see Haller, *Rise of Puritanism*, 83-127.

the account of his own conversion[15] he emphasizes "that the rational operation of the higher faculties (the intellect and will) may, without so much passion, set God and things spiritual highest within us, and give them the pre-eminence and subject all our interest to them. . . , and that this is the ordinary state of a believer." Nor was he finally apprehensive lest (as he says) "education and fear had done all that ever was done upon my soul, and regeneration and love were yet to seek because I had sound convictions from my childhood and found more fear than love in all my duties and restraints." For "I . . . perceived that education is God's ordinary way for the conveyance of his grace . . . ; and that it was the great mercy of God to begin with me so soon and to prevent such sins as else might have been my shame and sorrow while I lived; and that repentance is good, but prevention and innocence is better, which though we cannot attain in perfection, yet the more the better." Of the same mind is William Whately, the best of all the writers on conversion. Besides those that "did live a long time in unregeneracy" and were suddenly and dramatically brought to a new way of life, there are others, he says, whose conversion is begun early and effected gradually "by favour of that great benefit of God, holy and Christian education"; and in them one work of grace may be more strongly manifested than another. "Sometimes they find a more sensible abasement of themselves within their own hearts out of the apprehension of their sinfulness; sometimes desires and prayers are more vehement; *sometimes a comfortable resolution of pleasing God doth more mightily stir them.*"[16] It is statements such as these that furnish us with the correct terms of reference for discussing Milton's religious experience. The fact that Milton had entered Cambridge destined, as he supposed, for a place among the Puritan preachers, would direct his thoughts towards experiential religion and render inevitable some consideration of his own spiritual state and development. But in his circumstances this would not necessarily suggest a repudiation of his past life, but simply an intensified aspiration after spiritual things and a more conscious act of self-dedication. Already in the *Fair Infant* he speaks of the need for something

> to set the hearts of men on fire,
> To scorn the sordid world and unto heaven aspire.

[15] *Reliquiae Baxterianae* (1696), 6-7.

[16] William Whately, *The New Birth or a Treatise of Regeneration* (1635), 43 (italics mine).

Not repentance, but aspiration and renewed dedication are the notes of Milton's early religious experience. In so far the *Fair Infant* is premonitory of what is to follow.

A highly suggestive, though not a complete gloss upon the *Nativity Ode* is afforded by *Elegy* 6. It opens with a not-too-serious description of the elegiac vein as one inspired by love and pleasure, and nourished by wine and good living, or as owing a threefold allegiance to Venus, Bacchus and Ceres. Then by way of the antithesis between elegy and epic, which was a commonplace from the days of the Roman elegists, it passes to the poet of heroic themes. At first the terms adopted do not differ from those employed in *At a Vacation Exercise*. Only when Milton speaks of the nature of the heroic poet, and the character of his preparation for his task, is something new added, with a deepening of the note. Unlike the elegist, he must adopt the ascetic discipline of the Pythagoreans:

> His youth must be chaste and void of offence, his manners strict, his hands without stain. He shall be like a priest shining in sacred vestment, washed with lustral waters, who goes up to make augury before the offended gods. . . . Yea, for the bard is sacred to the gods. He is their priest. Mysteriously from his lips and his breast he breathes forth Jove.
>
> But if you would know what I am doing . . . , I am singing the King of Heaven, bringer of peace and the fortunate days promised by the holy book. . . . This poem I made as a birthday gift for Christ. The first light of Christmas morning brought me the theme.

This sudden transition to the *Nativity Ode* can have but one meaning. It is in no sense an heroic poem (the time for which is not yet); but it is the first earnest of Milton's resolve to become such a poet as he describes. The Ode teaches us to read the contrast of the elegiac and the heroic vein as a repudiation of the former, to transliterate the description of the heroic poet into Christian terms as the account of a dedicated spirit divinely inspired, and to see in the ascetic discipline referred to, a turning towards that moral and religious preparation for his life-work on which Milton finally entered at Horton. Thus *Elegy* 6 throws light upon the *Nativity Ode* and received light back from it.

In the Ode one recognizes three dominating ideas. The first is that of the "birthday gift for Christ," which conditions not only the Prelude but the temporal sequence of the Hymn. This alone is mentioned in *Elegy* 6, and is further linked with its central conception, that the Christian poet is at once dedicated and inspired

("Yea, for the bard is sacred to the gods. He is their priest. Mysteriously from his lips and his breast he breathes forth Jove"):

> Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
> And join thy voice unto the heavenly choir,
> From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

Whatever there is of simple personal religion in the experience from which the *Nativity Ode* sprang, is associated with this first idea. In Isaiah 6.6, it is a seraph that touches the lips of the prophet with a coal from the altar, and in the traditional angelology, as Milton would remember, the seraphim betokened love of God, as the cherubim betokened contemplation of his excellence. The second idea, also adumbrated in these lines, is that of the heavenly choir, which is answered by the music of the spheres and, as we observe, by the voice of the poet himself. It dominates the middle movement of the Hymn and, as has been recently shown,[17] colours its total pattern; it thus becomes the *aesthetic* centre of the poem. Though lacking direct connection with *Elegy* 6, this theme looks back to *Prolusion* 2 (on the Music of the Spheres) and on to *At a Solemn Music* and other poems, and is unquestionably central in Milton's early thought on life, religion and art. The third idea, absent not only from the account of the Ode in *Elegy* 6, but from the Prelude, is given large emphasis in the Hymn, by space, concentrated expression, and position: the effect of the Nativity, the routing of the heathen gods by Christ, is the culmination of the poem and in some sort its *intellectual* core. It is by virtue of this idea, with its insistence on the ethical importance of purity and singleness of worship, that the Ode anticipates Milton's later writings on religion. In this section, however, there is an oblique allusion to Milton's repudiation of the elegiac. In *Elegy* 5 he had rejoiced in the harmless divinities of forest and field, and had welcomed the maytime

[17]Arthur Barker, "The Pattern of Milton's *Nativity Ode*" (UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO QUARTERLY 10 [1941]. 167-81). It is impossible to do justice in a footnote to his skilful and suggestive analysis of the structure and dominant imagery of the Hymn. The structural pattern consists, he shows, of three equal movements, which "describe the setting of the Nativity, . . . the angelic choir, . . . the flight of the heathen gods"; and each presents "a single modification of the simple contrast . . . between images suggesting light, [form] and harmony, and images of gloom, [formlessness] and discord." In the second movement, light, form and harmony are dominant; it represents the Miltonic ideal and the centre of a religio-aesthetic experience, whose "effects correspond in general to the effects of the Puritan conversion."

presence of the Olympians on earth: "Every grove has its deity. Long may every grove have its deity! Gods, forsake not, I pray you, your homes among the trees." We may be sure that he did not forget these lines when first among the divinities banished by Christ came his old familiars:

> The lonely mountains o'er,
> And the resounding shore,
> A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
> From haunted spring and dale,
> Edged with poplar pale,
> The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
> With flower-inwoved tresses torn,
> The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

These, as we shall have occasion once more to remember, are the gods of elegy, haunting "The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring."

Each of the three main ideas represents a phase of the religious experience which the Ode records, and each becomes in its way central in the poem, which by virtue of its aesthetic pattern combines them, and brings into relief their significance and interrelation. But to speak of the Ode as a record of experience is not strictly correct. Poetry is something more than that: the experience is realized in the act of recording it. So it was in *Elegy* 5, and is in the *Nativity Ode* and the majority of Milton's poems. In some of them elements of conflict in the experience are resolved on the imaginative plane and through the agency of aesthetic pattern. That indeed may be said to be one of the principal functions of Milton's poetry. In the *Nativity Ode* no such resolution is required, and to that extent its pattern and function are less than typical. Only for a moment, in the stanza just quoted, do we glimpse the possibility that to accept Christianity may mean to reject other things that are dear. In general the mood of the poem is one of simple and joyful acceptance. In this it resembles *Elegy* 5. What is accepted, however, is no longer a pagan reading of the order of nature, but nothing less than the order of grace and its supremacy over nature itself. And this it is which is symbolized by the triumphant images of light, form, and harmony.

Vastly important as is the experience recorded in the *Nativity Ode*, it is not final. It does not turn Milton into the religious poet whom we know. It requires for its completion another experience, recorded just three years later in the sonnet *How soon hath Time*.

II

So far, save in the case of the *Song on May Morning*, we have been dealing with poems whose date is established. Of the remaining pieces only the unimportant Epitaphs, *The Passion* and the pivotal *How soon hath Time* are dated with certainty. For the rest we are thrown back upon converging probabilities. Apart from the indications of order furnished by the arrangement within groups in *Poems* (1645 and 1673), and by the Cambridge MS., our only data are the content and tone of the poems themselves, and a chief criterion is the self-consistency and significance of the scheme that one is able to work out. Accordingly, the rest of this essay may be allowed to centre on the order and approximate dates of the poems.[18]

We turn first to the problem of Milton's essays in the Petrarchian tradition, *O Nightingale* and the Italian Sonnets. Smart has shown that the latter, long associated with Milton's Italian journey, actually preceded it, and that as early as 1629 Milton was buying Italian sonneteers and making or preparing to make a study of them.[19] *Poems* (1645) places the Italian Sonnets after *O Nightingale* and before *How soon hath Time*, while their absence from the Cambridge MS. strongly suggests that they antedate *Arcades*. The autobiographical passage in the *Apology for Smectymnuus* places Milton's Petrarchian phase after his elegiac, and without asserting that this precludes all possibility of overlapping, it is to be observed that the last of the strictly elegiac poems, *Elegy* 5, is dated with certainty in the spring of 1629. But on the evidence of the same passage, and its supposed allusion to *Elegy* 6, Hanford insists for the sonnets on a date before December 1629. The *Apology* talks first of Milton's reading in the Latin elegists, then of his learning to prefer the attitude of "the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura," and continues in words almost too familiar to quote:

[18]On the chronology of the poems I have considered the evidence presented by Hanford, Grierson, Tillyard, W. R. Parker (as cited above), and Smart, Tillyard, M. Y. Hughes (as cited below). To all of them I am indebted. Grierson and Parker are especially valuable for their treatment of the Cambridge MS.; and Parker, for his dating of *How soon hath Time*, and of the *Fair Infant* (see *T.L.S.* Dec. 17, 1938). In his admirable edition of the *Minor Poems* (1937) Hughes arranges them in chronological order, but unfortunately seldom tells us the reason for the assigned date.

[19]Milton, *Sonnets*, ed. J. A. Smart (1921), 33.

> And long it was not after when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy.[20]

This Hanford holds to refer to the doctrine of the heroic poet set forth in *Elegy* 6, and to place it as succeeding to Milton's Petrarchianism in time. But his argument has the unhappy effect of forcing the sonnets back into the not less clearly distinguished period of the *Elegies*, 7 and 5, 1628-9. It seems to me possible that the passage quoted from the *Apology* refers less to the doctrine of *Elegy* 6 than to that of *Ad Patrem*, or perhaps to a telescoping in retrospect of the two. Hanford proceeds to argue that the conviction expressed in *Elegy* 6 precludes such an experience and expression of erotic emotion as the sonnets imply and contain. But this inference depends on his reading of the experience recorded in the *Nativity Ode* and *Elegy* 6 exclusively in terms of the control or rejection of erotic emotion. And it ignores the idealism which Milton recognizes as a feature of the Petrarchian tradition. The context of the passage from the *Apology* suggests that Milton's new ideal of the poet is rather a development from his Petrarchianism than a repudiation of it. Quite clearly *Elegy* 6 implies a rejection of the type of erotic emotion found in the elegies: it is much less certain that it would necessitate the complete rejection of the idealized passion of the sonnets.[21] Lastly, it is very easy, as we have seen, to exaggerate the finality of the experience recorded in the *Nativity Ode* and *Elegy* 6. Suppose it is granted that if the sonnets post-date these poems they represent some relapse from the high ground there attained: is such a relapse impossible or even improbable? It seems desirable, then, postponing this problem, briefly to examine the claims of each of the five years 1628-32, to have originated the sonnets.

Against 1628 and 1629 stands the difficulty already noted, that to place the sonnets in either year would bring Milton's Petrarchianism back into the period of the elegiac eroticism represented by *Elegies* 7 and 5. Furthermore, these are May poems, and so is *O Nightingale*, and it is legitimate to ask whether the sonnet corresponds closely in content and mood to either of the elegies. It does not. It is a complaint of the absence of love, long invoked. *Elegy* 7

[20] *Apology: Columbia Milton*, 3. 303-4. [21] Cf. Tillyard, p. 372.

(1628) is a defiance of love, followed by a swift demonstration of its presence and power. Nor can much be argued from the suggestion of mediaeval reading in each work; for it is of different mediaeval poems. More divergent still is the tone of complaint in the sonnet from the buoyant, diffused eroticism of *Elegy* 5 (1629) and the *Song on May Morning*. The caution necessary in dealing with such evidence is that to the poet any mood might conceivably suggest its opposite as a subject for composition. But there is no known example of this in Milton (unless it be in the Hobson epitaphs in relation to *On Shakespeare*), and it runs counter to the intensity and singleness of his mind and to the suggestion of some genuine and moving experience underlying all the poems in question; it is a different matter from embodying the same mood in a contrasting form, as in *Elegy* 5 and the *Song on May Morning*. If I am right in my reading, to be presented below, of the years 1631 and 1632 up to Milton's quitting Cambridge, their note was one of tranquillity and a certain abstraction from extra-aesthetic experience, which is quite foreign to the emotion embodied in the sonnets. One is led then to the spring and summer of 1630 as the most probable date of *O Nightingale* and the Italian Sonnets. The chief argument against it is that it would make them follow hard upon the fragment on the Passion; but this is not unsusceptible of explanation.

The opening lines of *The Passion* link it closely with the *Nativity Ode*, thus dating it in the succeeding Holy Week, and suggesting that from the religious and aesthetic experience there recorded had sprung a resolve to write further specifically Christian poems, a suggestion greatly strengthened by the probability that Milton had been reading in preparation for such an effort the *Christiad*, Vida's epic on the life and death of Christ,[22] and by the religious verse which three years later sprang from the renewed self-dedication of *How soon hath Time*. But, unlike the later verse, *The Passion* is a confessed failure, breaking off after the eighth stanza, with the note: "The subject the author finding above the years he had when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished." Read in the light of the last stanza, the note tells us all we need to know:

[22]Cf. *Passion*, 24-6 ("Cremona's trump"), and 13-14 (The Hero is Vida's favourite term for Christ).

Or should I thence[23] hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their Echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguiled)
Might think the infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

How beautiful the lines are—and how exquisitely inappropriate! It is not the touch of "wit" in the concluding couplet, that is alone at fault (there is as much wit in the *Nativity Ode*), but something more pervasive. It is the failure of the subject to take possession of Milton's imagination and at once to foster and express a religious and aesthetic experience, capable of subordinating everything to itself. The *Nativity Ode* is not a complete success, but such a powerful experience is present and on the whole manages to exercise its unifying influence. In *The Passion* it is absent, and Milton's imagination lies open to every wayward fancy. One of them comes straight from the rejected world of the *Elegies*. Unawares he finds himself once more in

The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring.

Where Echo is, Genius and the nymphs with flower-inwoven tresses, and all the gods of earth and heaven, may easily follow. Milton pauses just in time. The religious experience of the *Nativity Ode* has faded and is not now renewable, by this subject at least. And so the thoughts and images appropriate to Milton's years begin to reassert their sway, as in his note he partly divines.

It would not be altogether surprising, then, if Milton should turn back to what is really an elegiac theme and write the last of his maytime poems, with its echo of *Elegy* 5:

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.[24]

But the attitude of glad acceptance can no more be renewed than could the fervour of the *Nativity Ode*. In its stead we have the assertion, a little anxious, and perhaps a little defiant:

Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

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[23] I. e., from the Holy Sepulchre.

[24] *Cf. Elegy* 5. 25 (Hanford).

The *Nightingale* is, in a twofold sense, introductory to the Italian Sonnets, which it immediately precedes in the *Poems* (1645). Its mood is likely to be highly receptive to the experience in love, perhaps as much imaginary as actual, that evidently underlies the Italian poems.[25] At the same time it is clearly transitional, anticipating them in its form, but retaining something of the realistic attitude of the *Elegies*; in other words, Milton's adherence to the Petrarchian tradition, which he has been studying, is here far from complete. To render it so the experience underlying the Italian Sonnets is necessary. *The Passion* and the *Nightingale* in their different ways represent some relapse from the position attained in the *Nativity Ode* and *Elegy* 6. But that position has not ceased to exercise its influence. Milton may reaffirm his allegiance to the Muse and Love; but confronted with an experience of love to be celebrated in verse, his instinct is to idealize the emotion. In the Italian Sonnets, he does this by means of the Petrarchian tradition, and in terms which are not incompatible with the ground taken in *Elegy* 6. For that poem does not contain a categorical repudiation of erotic emotion, but only of the elegiac mode of response to it and to life in general; and the later formulation of the *Apology* on the need of being oneself a true poem (if it really corresponds and alludes to the position formulated in *Elegy* 6) implies, as we have seen, no necessary repudiation of Petrarchianism.

In passing from the elegiac to the Petrarchian mode of treating love, Milton is running counter to the main movement of English poetry in his day. The Petrarchian tradition, whose naturalization in England had set the Elizabethan sonnet cycles rolling, had from the first embodied two tendencies, one towards idealization, the other towards convention, whose ultimate outcome was a convention of idealization. Thereupon a reaction had set in and manifested itself in different ways with Ben Jonson and Donne. Milton turns back to the sources of Petrarchianism and, apparently without scruple, adopts the conventions along with the idealism, as is sufficiently proved by *Sonnet* 5, whose virtuosity reminds us that here, as in the Latin *Elegies* and indeed throughout the Cambridge period, the achievement of perfect expression by practice is a motive sometimes secondary, but rarely wholly absent. Withal Milton manages to put a good deal of himself into some of the

[25]Milton, *Sonnets*, ed. Smart, 133ff.

sonnets because they spring from a real and felt experience. This is especially true of the last in the series:

> Enamoured, artless, young, on foreign ground,
> Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
> To thee, dear Lady, with an humble sigh
> Let me devote my heart, which I have found
> By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
> Good, and addicted to conceptions high:
> When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,
> It rests in adamant self-wrapt around,
> As safe from envy, and from outrage rude,
> From hopes and fears, that vulgar minds abuse,
> As fond of genius and fixed fortitude,
> Of the resounding lyre, and every Muse.
> Weak you will find it in one only part,
> Now pierced by Love's immedicable dart.[26]

One cannot fail to observe that it is himself, and neither love nor the lady, that Milton is here idealizing. And one is led to ask whether he is not somewhat disquieted (as well as gratified) at the power which he discovers love to possess over his mind. This assertion of his integrity in all other respects, in terms of the Stoic, it is true, not the Christian ideal, certainly suggests as much. And its probability is enhanced when the lines are brought into relation with the conclusion of *Sonnet* 3. These Italian poems, says Milton, are new and unaccustomed plants of Love's fostering:

> So Love has willed, and ofttimes Love has shown
> That what he wills he never wills in vain.
> Oh, that this hard and sterile breast might be
> To him who plants from heaven a soil as free!

What Milton is constrained to admit is that he finds his heart more open to love than to religion, and his hand more ready to amatory than to religious verse. Here plainly is an allusion to the religious experience of which we have a record in the *Nativity Ode* and *Elegy* 6, in which there has been some failure and retreat,[27] but which will renew itself and achieve permanence as Milton, his decisions taken, approaches his twenty-fourth birthday.

[26] I quote from the Italian sonnets in William Cowper's fine and remarkably close verse rendering. Nothing here requires a caution save his addition of "on foreign ground," the result of the mistaken impression that the Sonnets belong to the Italian journey.

[27] Tillyard (p. 373) would go further and read it as an allusion to the failure of *The Passion*.

The remainder of the year 1630 and the early months of 1631 produce nothing but the Epitaphs. The famous one *On Shakespeare* is an exercise in the serious application of poetic wit; the poems on Hobson are less successful exercises in its humorous application, obviously written for an academic audience, and perhaps suggested by the *Shakespeare*; the beautiful *Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester* captures to admiration the very different style of the Jonsonian school with its effect of simplicity and flowing movement. These poems are then mere exercises, from which all experiential content is absent. Coming after the poems of the preceding year their insignificance is itself significant. They are to be followed, if our estimate of the rest of 1631 and 1632 is correct, by poems which bear a closer relation to Milton's inward development, the Companion Pieces, *Ad Patrem*, and *Arcades*; but in them too, something of the abstraction noticed in the Epitaphs persists and results in a preponderance of aesthetic over non-aesthetic elements in the experience which they record.

Most readers of this article will be familiar with Tillyard's cumulatively impressive arguments for the summer of 1631 as the date of the Companion Pieces.[28] They turn principally on seven considerations: (1) the absence of the poems from the Cambridge MS., where we should expect to find them if they post-dated *Arcades*; (2) the lack of all positive evidence supporting their traditional association with the period of Milton's residence at Horton; (3) the divergence of their holiday mood from everything that we know of this time of systematic study and direct preparation for his life-work (whose character Hanford has done so much to elucidate); (4) the consonance, on the other hand, of their mood with the spirit of a long vacation (as Hanford had already divined); (5) the fact that they seem, especially in their openings, to presuppose an academic audience; (6) the further link with Cambridge supplied by the evident association of *L'Allegro* and *Prolusion* 1 (in Defence of Day); and finally (7) Milton's assertion in *Prolusion* 7 that during the last long vacation he had enjoyed, amid rural scenes, the highest favour of the Muses. Of these arguments, (1) will bear a heavier emphasis than Tillyard gives it (any dating that conforms to the evidence of the Cambridge MS. and the *Poems* enjoys the great initial advantage of having nothing to

[28]E. M. W. Tillyard, *Milton: "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"* (English Association, 1932).

explain away); and (3) is susceptible of being greatly reinforced by a more adequate conception of the total pattern of Milton's career, with its decisive turning point recorded in *How soon hath Time* (December 1632), which alone will satisfactorily explain the divergence of the mood of Horton from the moods of Cambridge, and its astonishing constancy. In connection with (7) two further considerations suggest themselves: (a) that no poems besides the Companion Pieces appear to belong to any long vacation, save only the Italian Sonnets, to which the terms used in *Prolusion* 7 would be quite inappropriate, and (b) that there is a clearly traceable development of preoccupation and mood between the Companion Pieces, *Prolusion* 7, and *Ad Patrem*. Only in (6) does Tillyard overplay his hand by trying to show that *L'Allegro* is a poem in praise of day based upon the speech on that subject given several years before, and that *Il Penseroso* stands in the same relation to the speech in praise of night that Milton would have given had he been assigned the other side in the debate. This, however, is to confuse matter with method, and greatly to distort the subject of the Companion Pieces.

They are not poems in praise respectively of day and night, but poems setting forth rival conceptions of a life of pleasure, the one active and social, the other contemplative and solitary, which adopt as their scheme of presentation the ideal day. L'Allegro's commences with sunrise and the song of the lark and extends to midnight, carrying (as Tillyard happily says) the glad spirit of day into the festivities of the evening and the reading of the midnight hour; Il Penseroso's commences with curfew and the song of the nightingale, extends through a night of study, and carries its spirit into the succeeding day. It is inconceivable that *Prolusion* 1 should have suggested the subject of these poems, or even their structural pattern, which is progressive while the prolusion remains perfectly static. The debt is real, but it commences when, having designed a pair of poems on rival conceptions of a life of pleasure, and hit on the device of the ideal day as furnishing the framework within which a whole series of contrasting parallels can be presented, Milton starts work on *L'Allegro*; nor does it extend much beyond the description of dawn in that poem, and the banishments and welcomes of Melancholy and Mirth. It is clear from the evidence which Tillyard amasses that at this point Milton turns back to his first *Prolusion* for several important suggestions in imagery. This

is not the first time that he has invoked memories of his college orations: besides the example of the *Nativity Ode* and *Prolusion* 2, there is the *Carmina Elegiaca*, which is based on an early and rejected prolusion;[29] and it is interesting to discover that the train of memory which carried Milton from *L'Allegro* to *Prolusion* 1, also carried him to the *Carmina Elegiaca*.[30]

We cannot pause to comment on the companion aesthetic patterns, woven of landscape, myth and personification, reading, music and reverie; but our argument will not allow us to omit some subtleties of differentiation between them, which have curiously escaped notice. In *Il Penseroso* the idea of a contemplative life, though pursued for its pleasure, reaches out towards the mystical and the religious; it is recognized as involving self-discipline and as culminating in inspiration. To his invoking of Melancholy, the natural temper and proper state of the studious,[31] the Thoughtful Man adds:

> And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
> Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet
> And hears the Muses in a ring
> Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
> And add to these retired Leisure,
> That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
> But first, and chiefest, with thee bring

[29]For texts see *Columbia Milton*, 12. 288-91; 1. 326-7.

[30]In a passage from *Prolusion* 1, quoted by Tillyard (as last cited, p. 12) as replete with images used in *L'Allegro*, we come upon the *roses* and *dew* of *L'Allegro* 23, but coupled with the marigold, not the violet, and with the dew connoting not freshness or fertility, but weeping. In *Carmina Elegiaca*, however, we read:

> Iam rosa fragrantes spirat silvestris odores,
> Iam redolent violae luxuriatque seges.
> Ecce novo campos Zephyritis gramine vestit
> Fertilis, et vitreo rore madescit humus.

Here are the ideas and images—*roses*, *violets*, *dew* as the symbol of *freshness* and perhaps *fertility*, and *Zephyr as parent of a daughter* (apparently Milton's invention, as Hughes remarks)—which are adapted and recombined in the parentage of Mirth:

> Zephyr with Aurora playing . . .
> There on a bed of violets blue
> And fresh-blown roses washt in dew
> Filled her with thee, a daughter fair . . . .

[31]A fuller study of the poems would demand notice of Laurence Babb's valuable paper on melancholy, "Background of *Il Penseroso*" (*Studies in Philology* 37 [1940]. 257-73).

> Him that yon soars on golden wing,
> Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
> The Cherub Contemplation.

These companions of Melancholy are much more than mere pieces of decorative imagery. Besides their derivation from Ezekiel 10. 1, 9-19, the last four lines quoted depend on the symbolic value traditionally attached to the angelic orders. Upon this, Christian humanism had been quick to seize and elaborate. The general context from which Milton lifts his image of the Cherub Contemplation can be sufficiently illustrated from the *Oratio elegantissima de dignitate hominis* of Pico della Mirandola:

> The *Seraph* burns with the fire of love; the *Cherub* shines with the radiance of intelligence; the *Throne* stands in the steadfastness of judgment. Hence if, dedicated to the active life, we undertake the care of lower things with a right weighing of them, we shall be made steadfast in the fixed firmness of the Thrones. If . . . musing upon the Workman in the work, and the work in the Workman, we are busy with the leisure of contemplation, we shall flash on every side with cherubic light. If by love we burn for the Workman alone, with that devouring fire of his, we shall suddenly burst into flame in the likeness of a Seraph. . . . But how can any one either judge or love things that are unknown? . . . Therefore with his own light the Cherub, in the mean position, makes us ready for the seraphic fire and at the same time illuminates us for the judgment of the Thrones. He is the bond of the first intelligences, the order of Pallas, the ruler over contemplative philosophy. . . . Let us make ourselves one with him and be caught up into the heights.[32]

The process, as Pico goes on to make clear, while it implies a purging of the affections and a breaking of our bondage to earthly things, nevertheless uses a study of nature and man as a ladder of ascent to God; for through the work the Workman is known. It would be absurd to read the whole of this doctrine into Milton's image of the Cherub and the Throne, but not less absurd to ignore it altogether. The doctrine is clearly present in *Prolusion* 7, where that contemplation "by which our mind without the aid of the body, and as it were wrapped up in itself, copies the eternal life of the immortal gods with an extraordinary delight," is to be attained only after we are "saturated and perfected by knowledge and training."[33] In the light of this scheme one glimpses a deeper meaning in Il Penseroso's studies as they range through nature, the life of man (revealed in tragic poetry, or in allegorical "Where

[32] Pico della Mirandola, *On the Dignity of Man*, trans. C. G. Wallis (1940), 5-6.
[33] *Prolusion* 7: *Columbia Milton*, 12. 254-5.

more is meant than meets the ear"[34]), the spirit-world and the lore of the immortal soul; one sees the propriety of the Pythagorean asceticism, already alluded to in *Elegy* 6, and now rewarded by communion with the gods or vision of the Muses; and one understands the hope that study and discipline may issue at last in inspiration—

> Till old experience do attain
> To something of prophetic strain.

These things do not constitute the subject of *Il Penseroso*, which is the pleasure, not the ultimate purposes, of the contemplative life; but they furnish some of its overtones and a hint of the direction which Milton's mind is preparing to take.

Through each of *Il Penseroso*, *Prolusion* 7 and *Ad Patrem* there run two or more of these themes: leisure, learning and poetry. In the first it is the delight of leisure devoted to learning, with poetry represented only in the glancing allusion to the Muses and in the inference that of such a life springs such poetry as *Il Penseroso* itself. In the prolusion it is the utility of learning pursued at leisure, that is the central theme, but in the whole account the delight of it is implied, and while for the most part learning is considered in relation to other ends than poetry, its place in any scheme of learned leisure that Milton can devise is staked, and its dependence on learning is emphasized, at the outset. The parallel of poet and orator is utilized to observe that in the poet "nothing commonplace or mediocre can be allowed," and that he "ought to be equipped and perfected with a certain encompassing support of all the arts and all science." In pursuit of it, says Milton, "I am wholly afire and ablaze every day." Leisure is necessary for learning, learning for inspiration, and this is the meaning of Hesiod's fable of a prophetic sleep. There is implicit here the whole plan of future study at Horton. But instead of continuing with a forward, Milton contents himself with a backward glance: "I . . . invoke the glades and streams and beloved elms of the villas, under which during the summer just gone by, as I recall to mind with pleasant memories, I enjoyed the highest favour of the Muses, where amid fields and

[34]It is in the light of this line that we must also read Il Penseroso's reverie about the conclusion of Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*. Spenser's completion of a part of the tale (*F.Q.* 4. 2. 30 to 3. 52) would teach Milton to think of it in terms of moral allegory (line 112 echoes Spenser 4. 3. 52. 4); and this in turn accounts for a piece of literature, on the face of it better suited to *L'Allegro*, being mentioned instead in *Il Penseroso*.

remote woodlands I have even seemed to be able to grow up in a remote age."[35] Thus the scene and mood of *Il Penseroso* are recalled, just after the position of *Ad Patrem*, on leisure, learning and poetry, has been anticipated. For that poem is not adequately described as Milton's Apology for Poetry, which conceals its common ground with *Il Penseroso* and *Prolusion* 7. It must be described as Milton's plea for the leisure necessary to learning, and the learning necessary to poetry: his defence of poetry indeed, but also of the contemplative life which alone renders it possible: his assertion, finally, of the delight as well as the dignity of means and end—a description which immediately reveals the common ground.

No one doubts that the occasion of *Ad Patrem* was Milton's desire to forgo any other profession and give his life to poetry, and more immediately to the preparation for poetry. In the last year at Cambridge his future must have been the subject of earnest consideration, and to this year Masson, rightly, as I think, assigned *Ad Patrem*, though he made the serious mistake of associating it with *How soon hath Time*, which he dates a year too early, in 1631, and which is in every way unlike it. Recognizing a difference between the two poems, though (in my opinion) misinterpreting both of them, Grierson proposed to move *Ad Patrem* on towards the end of the Horton period. For this reason his argument must be examined. He writes:

> The sonnet and the letter which accompanies it are an apology for waiting and learning; the Latin poem is an apology for poetry. Milton's father seems to have been quite prepared to allow his son ample time and opportunity for study, ready that he should make himself one of the learned men of the time, ultimately perhaps a great protestant divine and champion of the reformed faith. But when it became apparent that poetry was not an occasional bypath, but the main highway of his son's career, he seems to have been taken aback and to have demurred. This crisis can, I think, hardly have arisen till the performance and publication of *Comus* revealed both to Milton and his father whither the long-waited-for prompting of the spirit was preparing to carry him.[36]

The difference between *How soon hath Time* and *Ad Patrem* is so obvious that were Masson right in his dating of the former (but he is not), it would effectively rule out his dating of the latter. But the difference is not such as Grierson formulates or such as would justify one in placing *Ad Patrem* after *How soon hath Time*. For the sonnet is not primarily an apology for either waiting or learning:

[35] *Prolusion* 7: Columbia Milton, 12. 246-9.
[36] Milton, *Poems*, ed. Grierson, 1, xxii. Cf. Tillyard p. 384.

it is the record of a religious experience which adds to Milton's conception of himself as poet elements lacking in *Ad Patrem*. There Milton is urging his plan for his life-work, the plan for which he was (in Grierson's own view) abandoning divinity, and it seems impossible that after the determination to do all hereafter "As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye," he should have laid no stress at all on the religious and ethical aspect of poetry and of his call thereto. For after the sonnet, there is no evidence that Milton ever again wavered in his resolve; all the evidence is that he did not. Some preoccupations (with the absence of others) and the tone of *Ad Patrem* are alike foreign to the later Horton period. They seem to place the poem in the lighter air of Cambridge and with the Companion Pieces,[37] *Prolusion* 7, and *Arcades*. The extreme lateness of Grierson's date brings other difficulties. One is that the poem is in Latin, which Milton, save for special purposes, had abandoned soon after announcing his adherence to English in the *Vacation Exercise*. That a gifted youth should present to his father the best credentials he has, his skill in Latin verse, is understandable. That the mature Milton should indite to his father a Latin petition to be allowed to give his life to English poetry demands explanation. The connections suggested by *Ad Patrem* are nearly all with writings of the Cambridge period. He has no wealth, he states, "except what golden Clio has given"; if the allusion is to historical reading, it reminds us of the enthusiasm for history expressed in *Prolusion* 7. When he glances at heroic poetry it is not to talk of Arthurian or other British themes, as he is to do in *Mansus* and the *Epitaphium* within a year or two of Grierson's date, but in the vague classical terms of the *Vacation Exercise* and *Elegy* 6. When he alludes to the poet as priest, it is in words reminiscent of the latter poem, and he goes on to talk of joining the angels' song, which is echoed by the music of the spheres, as in the *Nativity Ode*. Of his poetry to date he speaks as "my boyish verses and amusements," whose prospect of surviving him is far from being assured. Is this the

[37]Grierson, it must be noticed, is inclined to place the Companion Pieces with *Comus*, or even after it: "That *Comus* was written some time later than *Arcades* is suggested not only by its more mature and sensuous art, but by the more puritan tone of the former. . . . But it is with the maturer art of *Comus* that *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* associate themselves. They might conceivably have been written later than *Comus*" (p. xix). As to *Comus* and *Arcades* one may readily agree, but it is a dark saying, that the Companion Pieces are more "mature" than *Arcades* and as "sensuous" as *Comus*.

language in which Milton would speak of *Comus*, especially if its success had at last fixed his wavering choice and determined his serious pursuit of poetry? But greater than all the other difficulties is what the late date demands we should believe of Milton: that throughout the Cambridge period, and for five long years at Horton, he simply drifts, waiting till the success of *Comus* shows, not his father (that we could perhaps accept), but the poet himself, whither he is going. This is not the Milton whose deliberation and self-sufficiency have impressed and often repelled his readers, but some minor Romantic, strayed into Horton, whose favourite image for himself must be the aeolian harp.[38]

On the contrary, Milton's hopes and plans in poetry date back to his earliest days at Cambridge and appear to manifest a steady growth and clarification. In the *Vacation Exercise* (1628) he tells us something of them, but the eager practice in various poetic forms, wherein his style showed signs that it would live, began as early as 1626. In *Elegy* 6 (1629) we find him preoccupied with the character of a poet of heroic themes, and offering the *Nativity Ode* as an earnest of his resolve to become such a poet. In *Prolusion* 7 (1631) we find his sense of the need of learning for poetry and his ardent zeal to acquire it, and in *Ad Patrem* his hope of winning at last the learned poet's crown: "Therefore, however humble my present place in the company of learned men, I shall sit with the ivy and laurel of a victor." Destined for the ministry, Milton must at first have relegated his poetry to a second, though still an important place in his plans for the future. But when he made and won his plea to be allowed to retire to Horton and prepare himself for poetry, he must in his own mind have reached the determination to give his life to that activity and it alone. At first he does not seem completely to have transferred the sense of religious calling from his original destination to his new one: learning is viewed as the means to poetry, but poetry almost as a sufficient end in itself. The reason is some fading of the religious experience of December 1629, perhaps increased for the moment by this very decision that he is compelled to make. It is a temporary condition, but should be carefully observed because it accounts for the absence from *Ad*

[38]Against this evidence there is nothing to urge but two lines repeated from *Ad Patrem* in *Mansus* (noticed by Grierson and Tillyard); for the fiery spirit with his "inenarrabile carmen" (37) is not more closely linked with *Lycidas* than with *Il Penseroso* (see note 41).

Patrem of any stress on the religious calling and ethical function of the poet. But if Milton's poetry is to take the direction which in fact it did take, the renewed dedication of himself in terms of religion is necessary; hence the importance for his poetry of the determination reached in *How soon hath Time*, though it contains no specific reference to poetry as such. Horton is a preparation in mind and character, undertaken in the light of all that has gone before. After it the hopes and plans can crystallize, and Milton can speak with a new decisiveness about the great work that he intends to execute. If one places beside *Ad Patrem* the utterances of the late 1630's—the letter to Diodati (September, 1637), the *Mansus* (1638), the *Epitaphium Damonis*—and, as the result of these years, the subjects in the Cambridge MS. and the pronouncements on poetry in *The Reason of Church Government*, one is conscious of a great development since the poem was written.

The period between the spring of 1631 and Milton's settling at Horton in the summer of 1632, has then, it would seem, its own character. On the one hand, it is marked by a rapid maturing of Milton's mind and art. On the other, it represents a period of tranquillity, after the very different experiences recorded in the *Nativity Ode* and the Italian Sonnets and before the self-examination that issues in *How soon hath Time*. After the Italian Sonnets Milton writes little—merely the Epitaphs—and that little contains hardly anything of himself. Then in the long vacation of 1631, in a setting briefly sketched in *Prolusion* 7, he produces the Companion Pieces. Into them goes more of himself. Here are moods that Milton has certainly experienced, with something of his favourite reading and of the scenes that have brought him delight, and in the overtones of *Il Penseroso*, something also of his deeper feelings and thoughts. But there is a complete absence of the problematical. One has no sense, as one is later so often to have in his poetry, of Milton's *dealing with* his experience as distinct from merely recording it in terms of an aesthetic pattern. The comparison of two ways of life does not involve, as in other circumstances it so easily might have done, the posing and making of a choice between them: indeed the comparison is simply a piece of patterning, with no extra-aesthetic reference. And this in turn is rendered possible because Milton is, for the time being, able to postpone his problems, to banish "sleepless cares and complaints" and "walk with heart secure." The phrases come not from the Companion Pieces, but

from *Ad Patrem*, which, despite the momentous decision on which it depends, shows in remarkable degree the same tranquillity of spirit, the same power of abstraction from disturbing thoughts. This tranquillity and this power of abstraction are the essence of the purely aesthetic attitude which appears, not only in the Companion Pieces, but preeminently in *Arcades*, and establishes a kinship with them.

Arcades, which on other grounds, also, probably belongs to the spring of 1632,[39] is the most purely aesthetic of all Milton's great poems. Like the Companion Pieces and *Ad Patrem*, it is unvexed by any problem. Like *L'Allegro*, and to a slightly lesser degree *Il Penseroso* and *Ad Patrem*, it is undoctrinal in its utterances. And, unlike these poems, it makes, so far as can be determined, no drafts whatsoever on Milton's extra-aesthetic experience. One thing, and one only, does it tell us of Milton's state of mind at the time of its composition: it was a state of mind which permitted a sustained and joyous act of aesthetic abstraction. The Companion Pieces and, what is more remarkable, *Ad Patrem* approach this condition. *Arcades* securely attains it. To realize this one has only to compare it with the highly doctrinal *Comus*,[40] which makes such large drafts on Milton's experiences:—a salutary exercise if it taught us not to confuse the purely aesthetic with the poetically great or interesting. But pending such a comparison the quality of *Arcades* can be illustrated by reference to a single favourite image, that of the music of the spheres. It occurs in the *Nativity Ode*, in *Ad Patrem*, in *At a Solemn Music*, and in *Comus*.[41] In these, as in *Prolusion* 2, the

[39]See "Note on Date of *Arcades* and Other Poems in the Cambridge MS." appended to this article.

[40]For the doctrine there advanced see my "Argument of Milton's *Comus*" (UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO QUARTERLY 11 [1941]. 46-71). I judge from a review that Mr Tillyard has independently developed part of the same "argument" in *Essays and Studies of the English Association* for 1942, London, 1943.

[41]*Nativity Ode* 125-32; *Ad Patrem* 33-4; *Solemn Music* 18-28; *Comus* 1020-1. Tillyard (p. 376) recognizes no distinction between these instances and the use of the image in *Arcades* (see below). In dealing with *At a Solemn Music* (pp. 377-8) he makes Milton *identify* the music of the spheres with the song of the angels in heaven, which only the hundred and forty and four thousand could learn (Rev. 14. 1-4). But Milton is careful always to distinguish the music of the spheres from the angels' song. They are not identical, but complementary, and parallel on different levels. In the *Nativity Ode* the spheres, with their "ninefold harmony," are bidden to complement, to "Make up full consort to the angelic symphony"; in *Ad Patrem* the stars echo the songs of heaven; and in the *Solemn*

image is doctrinal, employed to convey, of course in aesthetic form, a truth which has come to Milton from his extra-aesthetic, his ethical and religious, experience. In *Arcades* the image also occurs.[42] The Genius of the Wood has listened to the ninefold harmony, not now answering the angel choir, but existing in its own right, and holding nature in her course. And what is his conclusion? Were it not, he says, that none

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Music the song of those on earth, which is distinguished alike from the music of the spheres and the song of the angels, is bidden once more to "answer" the latter. Only in eternity (when the world is destroyed) will the first and third songs be merged, and the second superseded, the triumph envisaged at the end of the poem. Thomas Heywood (*Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, 1635, p. 582), telling how the various orders of God's

angels all
Resound his praise in accents musical,

adds,

So do the heavens and planets, much below them.

He further (p. 272) carefully parallels, not identifies, the different parts of the natural world with the hierarchy of the celestial, dwelling on

what reference the seraphim
Hath [*sic*] with the primum mobile; then what kin
The cherub from the starry heaven doth claim, etc.

It is this traditional association of the cherubim with the starry heaven that explains Milton's allusion (*Ad Patrem* 35-7) to the fiery spirit flying through the swift spheres and singing his *inenarrabile carmen*. The spirit is, I take it, not the Platonic soul of the world (as Tillyard supposes) or the interfused and sustaining spirit and mind of Virgil's *Aeneid* 6. 724-7 (as Hughes suggests), but the cherub, whose song harmonizes with the music of the spheres, and (because it is angelic) is by man "unutterable." The link is with the Cherub of *Il Penseroso*. Like Heywood and Milton, Donne (*Upon the Translation of the Psalms* 23-9) maintains the distinction and parallel between the music of the spheres and the angelic song. Milton (*Par. Lost* 5. 618-27) describes the dance of the angels, with its accompanying harmony,

Which yonder starry sphere
Of Planets and of fixt in all her wheels
Resembles nearest.

Again the distinction and the parallel are maintained. The reason is this. The music of the spheres represents the highest degree of perfection (expressed as harmony) in the order of nature; the angelic song represents the highest perfection and harmony of the order of grace. Thus Virtue (*Comus* 1019-21)

can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery clime.

But if "the sphery clime" were identical with the "unexpressive nuptial song," there could be nothing higher. To confuse the two orders of nature and grace is to break up the pattern of Milton's thinking.

[42] *Arcades* 61-78.

> Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear,

can detect such music, it

> worthiest were to blaze
> The peerless height of her immortal praise,
> Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit
> If my inferior hand or voice could hit
> Inimitable sounds.

The image is divested of all doctrinal significance (for the first line quoted is not doctrinal, but part of the image itself). It is, quite properly, fitted to the Genius of the Wood, who (unlike the Attendant Spirit in *Comus*) has no moral or religious significance. Like the Genius, the image which he utters is purely aesthetic and has no implications outside the poem.

We shall never again see Milton in precisely this mood—"Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more!"

III

It is entirely natural that as Milton enters upon his period of conscious preparation for his life-work he should be led to renewed self-examination. For some five months after settling at Horton he produced, so far as we are aware, no poetry. Then he breaks his silence in the sonnet *How soon hath Time*. Its meaning has been somewhat obscured by taking it in too close conjunction with the prose Letter to a Friend,[43] in which a copy of the sonnet was included. Grierson describes the poem as, with the letter, an apology for waiting and learning. It is nothing of the kind. It is, first, a consideration of Milton's little achievement to date, which can be assigned no satisfactory meaning unless we read it in the light of his large ambitions for the future in poetry, and secondly, a renewed and more decisive dedication of himself to God's service, which not only has the effect of resolving his doubts and fears, but leaves its mark on nearly all his subsequent poetry. The letter obscures the issue because (to speak quite frankly) it is a somewhat disingenuous document. The decision as between the pulpit and poetry has, it seems almost certain, been already taken, at least in Milton's mind. This, clearly, is unknown to the possibly too officious friend, and the letter does not undeceive him. Nor can he be let into the full meaning of the sonnet. It is included simply because it says quite unequivocally that Milton holds himself to be

[43] *Columbia Milton*, 12. 320-5.

in God's hand. This the friend requires to be told, and this Milton lets the sonnet tell him. By us, however, it must be read not as part of the letter, but for itself.

It opens on the uncharacteristic note of self-distrust: How little he has so far accomplished; how immature he seems; how dubious the promise of future achievement, on which he has staked everything! Yes, but he is in God's hand. Much or little, soon or late, it will be as God has determined. All that is in the poet's power, and all that matters, is that by grace he may use his talent in God's service and with submission to his will. For

> be it less or more, or soon or slow,
> It shall be still in strictest measure even
> To that same lot, however mean or high,
> Towards which Time leads me and the will of Heaven.[44]
> All is: if I have grace to use it so,
> As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.[45]

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[44]Milton is echoing Pindar, *Nemean Odes*, 4. 43: "But whatever merit King Fate has given me, I shall know that time in its course will accomplish what is destined" (Lewis Campbell in *Classical Review* for October, 1894). The fact intensifies the impression of fatalism which the lines convey to a modern reader. The impression requires to be corrected by recalling the Christian view of fate which subjects it to the will of God—the view which Milton later sums up with beautiful precision (*Paradise Lost* 7. 172-3):

> Necessity and Chance
> Approach not me, and what I will is Fate.

[45]Much turns on the precise meaning of the last two lines. In the Cambridge MS. there is no punctuation. The punctuation in *Poems* (1645), which editors retain, is ambiguous:

> All is, if I have grace to use it so,
> As ever in my great task Masters eye.

At first glance the commas appear to be a pair setting off the words between them as a conditional clause. But it conditions nothing; and this reading reduces the lines to something between redundancy and nonsense, making them say: Everything is, if I have grace to recognize it, as it ever has been, in my great Taskmaster's knowledge. But obviously it is so whether Milton recognizes it or not: God's knowledge does not depend upon man's attitude, as Milton, who was not in the habit of thinking loosely, very well knew. Further, if God's eye betokens only his cognition, why is he described as the poet's *task*-master? The commas are not a pair. The function of the first could be discharged just as well (perhaps slightly better) in modern punctuation by the colon which I have substituted for it. The meaning is then clear, with no redundance: All [that matters] is: whether I have grace to use it so, as ever [conscious of being] in my great Taskmaster's [enjoining] eye. One editor, J. S. Smart, evidently adopts some such reading of the lines, but indicates it by omitting the second comma instead of changing the first to a colon.

Thus Milton renews his self-dedication and with it the clouds roll away. The thoughts in the octave are brought to a head by the approach of his twenty-fourth birthday, with its sense of the flying years. But the whole poem is the outcome of the period of silent self-examination, and records the final and decisive phase of Milton's early religious experience. The mark of a genuine religious experience is its power to change one's view of things, and of the relation of the self thereto. In the sestet Milton marshals the resources of his faith to meet the doubts and fears formulated in the octave, and the result is not strictly speaking to dispel them, but to resolve the problem by raising it to a religious level where self-regarding thoughts are simply irrelevant. This is the more remarkable when we remember Milton's unpliant egoism and his intense desire to excel.

The poem is more than a record of Milton's experience. As in *Elegy* 5, and the *Nativity Ode*, the experience is realized in the very act of recording it. The imposition of aesthetic pattern upon the extra-aesthetic materials of experience make the experience of the poem, which in this case is at once religious and aesthetic. In *Elegy* 5, and in large measure in the *Nativity Ode*, there is nothing problematical; the attitude and effect are those of simple acceptance; no "resolution" of conflicting elements occurs. Here, in *How soon hath Time*, one encounters at last, though in a simple and rudimentary form, the full Miltonic pattern and function (the resolution of conflict by the imposition of aesthetic pattern). If one were disposed to doubt their meaning or their importance, one need only look on to *When I consider how my light is spent*, and see them repeated there, and to *Comus*, *Lycidas*,[46] the *Epitaphium Damonis* . . . . In some ways—not in all—*How soon hath Time* is more characteristic than the *Nativity Ode*. It builds upon the experience in that poem, but is in itself more decisive. The effect of Milton's renewed dedication of himself and his life-work to God's service can be traced immediately and through years.

It is seen in the character of the poems to which he at once turns.[47] *On Time* may well have been an inscription for some elaborate timepiece, but its subject links it closely with the sonnet. There Milton has stayed by an act of Christian self-dedication the

[46]For a very suggestive (though not in every detail acceptable) analysis of *Lycidas* in this connection, see Tillyard, pp. 80-5.

[47]For their probable dates see appended "Note."

disquieting thought of Time, which has stolen youth without bringing assured maturity. Now he completes the triumph over it by pointing on to the Christian hope of immortality. *Upon the Circumcision* is religious verse of another kind. The *Nativity Ode* apparently suggested to Milton the possibility of a number of poems connected with events in the earthly life of Christ as these were marked in the Church's calendar. The immediate result was *The Passion*, a failure. Now, under the impetus of a further religious experience, he determines, if not to continue the scheme, at least to retrieve that failure: *Upon the Circumcision* opens wit a reference to the Nativity and for the rest looks towards the Passion. It is not, confessedly, one of Milton's more inspired poems, but it has the qualities of solemnity and concentration which *The Passion* so signally lacks. *At a Solemn Music* returns to the kind of *On Time*, and to its triumphal note. Whenever music is his theme Milton's thought quickens to inspiration; but in this poem the controlling ideas and their attendant emotion are religious. Some of the ideas are adumbrated in the *Nativity Ode*, but here they reach a new clarification: first, there is the essential harmony, the "pure consent" of the angel choir; secondly, the voice with which nature and man answered its strains

> till disproportioned sin
> Jarred against nature's chime;

finally, the faith that in the regenerate this harmony of nature and grace is restored and crowned at last by their union with the "celestial consort." Much of Milton's subsequent thought is implicit in this ideal of a harmony between nature and grace, and in the sense, so much more acute than in the *Nativity Ode*, that in order to restore it sin must be recognized and eradicated. These are the ideas embodied in *At a Solemn Music*; but, as in the *Nativity Ode*, and all other great poems, ideas become the basis of an aesthetic pattern and by its aid are realized, not as ideas merely, but as an experience at once religious and aesthetic. The two facts of the likeness of *At a Solemn Music* to the *Nativity Ode* and its immediate dependence on *How soon hath Time* are, taken together, highly significant: it is the clarification of Milton's own position in the sonnet that permits the clarification of the ideas adumbrated in the ode.

In another view the experience realized and recorded in *How soon hath Time* is complementary to that of the *Nativity Ode* and

Elegy 6. It does not centre at all on the control or rejection of the erotic impulse, which was a real element in Milton's early religious experience and the preparation for his life-work, but certainly not the whole of it. This the experience in the sonnet, and its effects, make plain. These effects are seen in Milton's conscious preparation for his life-work at Horton, and in the character of the few poems that he wrote after the *Solemn Music* (for the period of eager practice was over and he was at work now upon his own character and mind; in so far *How soon hath Time* ushers in a period of learning and waiting); but most of all they are seen in his maturing view of the poet's office, which sets its mark on practically all the rest of his poetry. In the *Nativity Ode* and *Elegy* 6 there is already adumbrated the conviction that the rare abilities of the poet are (as he is later to phrase it) "the inspired gift of God." Now the complete transference to poetry of the sense of "calling" will enable Milton to add that these abilities "are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbred and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue . . . , to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune."[48] The moral function of poetry was, as everyone knows, a commonplace of criticism in, and long before, Milton's day. In him, however, it becomes a controlling purpose precisely because it is grounded in his religion, and is part of the obligation of writing "As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye."

NOTE ON THE DATE OF *Arcades* AND OTHER POEMS IN THE CAMBRIDGE MS.

In the absence of any known record of the date of *Arcades*' performance, we are thrown back chiefly on the evidence of the Cambridge MS. (on which see Grierson; Parker; and Hanford, *Milton Handbook*, 153-4). Its first items are: (1) *Arcades* (copy representing an advanced stage of composition); (2) *At a Solemn Music* (wholly composed in the MS.); (3) Letter to a Friend (first draft) containing *How soon hath Time* (fair copy); (4) *On Time* (fair copy); (5) *Upon the Circumcision* (fair copy). In *Poems* (1645) the order within one group is, *Time, Circumcision, Solemn Music*, which is perfectly compatible with the evidence of the MS. and probably represents the order of composition. Now Parker has shown that *How soon hath Time* was almost certainly composed in December 1632, and that the terms in which the Letter to a Friend speaks of the sonnet argue an interval of no great length between them, say two or three months at most, which would place the Letter early in 1633. The MS. indicates that before the Letter *Arcades* and *At a Solemn Music* were certainly written. We also know the season of two poems: *Arcades* bears every appearance of having been written for outdoor (*i.e.*, summer) presentation; and the *Circumcision* clearly belongs to January 1, in some year. Further (as Parker suggests) the

[48] *Reason for Church Government* (1642) 2. pref.: *Columbia Milton*, 3. 238.

theme of *On Time* connects it with *How soon hath Time*. Taking these facts and inferences into account, we get an order and tentative dating wholly compatible with the MS. and the order in *Poems* (1645): (1) *Arcades* (for performance in some summer prior to the date of the Letter, *i.e.*, in the summer of 1632 or an earlier year); (2) *How soon hath Time* (Dec. 1632, copied into MS. in the Letter which was written after *Arcades* and *At a Solemn Music*, or, as appears below, early in 1633); (3) *On Time* (written later in Dec. 1632, copied into MS. after Letter); (4) *Upon the Circumcision* (Jan. 1, 1633, copied into MS. after Letter); (5) *At a Solemn Music* (written in MS. before Letter, and before copying, but after composition, of *How soon hath Time*, *Time* and *Circumcision*; *i.e.*, later in January, or early in February 1633); (6) Letter to a Friend, soon after *Solemn Music*, say early February 1633).

It is true that so far as the order in the MS. alone is concerned (3) *Time* and (4) *Circumcision* might have been composed as late as Dec. 1633 and Jan. 1, 1634, *i.e.*, shortly before *Comus*. But this would be to ignore (a) the probable connection of (3) *Time* with (2) *How soon hath Time*, whose date is fixed (Dec. 1632); (b) the likeness in religious subject, metre, style and tone, which strongly indicates that (3) *Time*, (4) *Circumcision* and (5) *Solemn Music* belong, as they occur in *Poems* (1645), together; and (c) the point argued above, that these poems in fact represent a new essaying of religious verse after the resolve taken in (2) *How soon hath Time* (Dec. 1632). There is, of course, no evidence in favour of a date for (3) *Time* and (4) *Circumcision* later than Dec. 1632 and Jan. 1, 1633.

It is likewise true that so far as the order in the MS. is concerned *Arcades* could have been written for performance in any summer up to that of 1634 itself, time being allowed between the composition of (1) *Arcades* and *Comus* for the writing of (5) *Solemn Music* and (6) Letter, and the subsequent copying into the MS. of (3) *Time* and (4) *Circumcision*. But to place *Arcades* in 1634 is to create the impossible interval between (2) *How soon hath Time* and (6) Letter, of some 16 or 17 months. To place *Arcades* in 1633 reduces this interval to some 4 or 5 months, which is still long. Since *Solemn Music* comes after *Arcades*, either date separates it from *Time* and *Circumcision*. The sole reason advanced (e.g., by Masson and Hughes) for placing *Arcades* thus late is what Hughes calls "its obvious points of kinship to *Comus*." But actually the similarity extends little farther than the genre and what pertains directly thereto. Whenever they were written this much of kinship must have appeared. Nor can anything be argued from the choice of genre since there was no choice, the masque form being dictated by the occasion of each piece and the directions which Milton must have received. Given the similarity in genre, the impression made by the two poems is one not of kinship but of astonishing difference. In its pure aestheticism *Arcades* (as I have pointed out above) is sharply contrasted with *Comus* and finds its kindred among the poems which in all probability belong to the years 1631-2. An added reason for placing *Arcades* at least a year before *Comus* is that the success of the first poem would serve to explain why the much more important commission of the second was given to him.

Of years for *Arcades* earlier than 1632: 1631 is ruled out (see Masson, *Life* 1.597 n.) by the execution of Lord Castlehaven, son-in-law to the Countess. The year 1630 is favoured (according to Hughes, who nevertheless rejects the date for 1633) by the Countess' seventieth birthday falling in that

year. But at Milton's age in 1630-2, the difference of two years in maturing powers is important. Nothing that he had written in 1630, not even *Elegy* 5 and the *Nativity Ode*, seems certainly to justify us in placing *Arcades* so early, a consideration which exempts us from examining yet earlier years. On the evidence of maturity it is desirable to place the masque at the latest possible date compatible with all the known facts and the reasonable inferences therefrom. And this I take to be the year 1632, on which all the probabilities appear to converge.

It is proper that I should state (as I am enabled to do by his kind permission) that Mr Roger Stanton has found in the Bridgewater accounts, at the Huntington Library, evidence that the Earl of Bridgewater with his retinue visited his step-mother, the Countess Dowager of Derby, at Harefield, *en route* to Ludlow, in the summer of 1634. There is no record of a performance of *Arcades* on this occasion. Nor do I think that the case for 1632 is at the moment at all impaired. But the possibility that the masque may have been commissioned for the visit of 1634 leads me to ask what, if proof were forthcoming that it was, the effect would be upon the pattern of Milton's early development which I have presented above.

In that pattern the date and significance of *How soon hath Time* are crucial. The poem records an experience of which three things may be said: that it springs immediately from the self-examination attendant on Milton's retirement to Horton; that it forms the decisive culmination of a series of experiences going back to the *Nativity Ode*, and implements their results; that, in other words, it leaves its mark on all the rest of Milton's career, not on the poems immediately undertaken merely, but on his view of the poet's office and on almost all the rest of the poetry which he wrote to the end of his days. It is obvious that to interject *Arcades*, with its pure aestheticism, after *How soon hath Time*, would break the pattern to the extent of introducing an important exception. Would it invalidate the pattern as a whole? It would not: because it would leave untouched all the rest of the evidence on which the pattern depends. No one wishes to deny that at rare intervals after 1632 Milton wrote occasional verse which bears no relation to the decision reached in *How soon hath Time*, such as the epistle to Mansus, the ode to Rouse, and half a dozen of the *Sonnets*. It would be necessary to add *Arcades*, which is also in one aspect an occasional poem, to this list. If evidence should be turned up that *Arcades* was written for the visit to Harefield in the summer of 1634 (that is, written after *Comus* was commissioned, planned, and probably executed), it would seem natural enough that Milton, having so heavily freighted the main poem with religio-ethical content, should feel neither obligation nor desire to repeat the experiment in the minor poem.

CONVOY DIARY[1]

GERALD S. GRAHAM

Aug. 29, 1942 (*Saturday*) Arrived at the pier about nine to be handed the sad news that the *Harvester* had sailed. Feverish enquiry disclosed that she was oiling up the river. So away we tore to *Captain* (*D*), where I learned that she was oiling in the estuary. Missed the ship's motor boat, but caught the ferry with bags and kit at ten. After visiting half the fleet (so it seemed) we finally found her and I clambered on board, with difficulty and without dignity, scraping my shins on the wire cables. Met the captain, a robust and cheery R.N., and No. 1,[2] a cheerful Welshman with a puckish grin, both of whom promised me excitement with a lusty optimism. The officers seem to be a good lot; "Snotty"[3] and the Sub-Lieutenant helped me stow away.

Weather is rainy and windy with choppy waves; we did some degaussing to protect the ship against magnetic mines, and sailed at 1600. Shortly before dark I went up on the flag deck with the Surgeon-Lieutenant and watched the 3″ and 4.7″ guns blaze away at a target which was supposed to be lighted by our searchlights. But the mist was too thick, and star-shells had to be used—a pretty sight as they hung in the sky by parachute and burned like huge evening stars. The guns gave out bursts of flame at each shot; the concussion seems to hit you in the chest, and only plenty of cotton saves the ears. Fountains of water about the target suggested fairly good shooting, although I doubt if we managed a direct hit.

Aug. 30 (*Sunday*) Prayers at 1000. The Captain then announced that the North Atlantic was "lousy with submarines" which had come up from the Caribbean, and he urged the congregation to be on the alert.

The weather was still foul, but at noon we fired again at a towed target. This time I stayed on the deck near the 4.7″ and even with cotton in my ears found the blast hard to take, especially in the region of chest and stomach.

[1]The author was permitted to keep this diary; it has been officially censored before publication. [EDITORS' NOTE.]

[2]Executive Officer, second in command of the destroyer.

[3]The name applied to midshipmen.

The beer is good, and the food too; there are books worth reading if I feel in the mood. No. 1 wants me to instruct the "Snotty" and give a lecture to the crew, which shall be done if I don't succumb to sea-sickness.

At 1700 a plane appeared, to tow a sleeve for anti-aircraft practice, but returned to its base owing to bad weather; so the 3" sent up smoke-shells, and the 4.7", the Oerlikons and pom-poms blazed away, the last using tracers. Some of the shooting was very accurate, although the smoke dissipated quickly, and at one time was masked by low-hanging clouds.

Aug. 31 (*Monday*) We weighed anchor at about 0300 and after breakfast began anti-submarine exercises. Carried out depth-charge attacks, without actually dropping the cans. Hit or miss estimates were made on the basis of the position of the buoy when the fire-order was given. Needless to say the officer in charge depended on the Asdic,[4] not on sight.

At 1200 smoke-candles appeared, indicating that the submarine was surfacing, which she did, slowly and ghost-like, rising from the deep like some prehistoric monster. Signals were exchanged and compliments paid; then she submerged again and exercises were continued with "P", our Polish colleague, a more heavily armoured craft recently painted in strange blends—the product of Lord Louis Mountbatten's genius.

A little later, we entered Loch—, and various motor launches from the Irish shore came alongside with cargoes of tomatoes, bread, butter, cheese and eggs—all at extravagant prices, since they know that even the navy is rationed. Most of the wardroom laid in private supplies of duck eggs.

The sun came out as we made our way towards the sea, after taking on oil; the land looked lush, like an impression from a children's picture book, with here and there an ivied tower or crumbling wall, relics no doubt of some ancient castle. Two American destroyers shot past us on the port side—pleasing harbinger of things to come. I wondered whether any Irish Republican would take a pot-shot at us as we skirted the shore.

Ate a hefty supper, climbed two ladders to the bridge, and looked out to sea. Captain thinks we should pick up the convoy tomorrow; enemy subs. are too afraid of our planes and mine-fields

[4]Apparatus for detecting presence of submarines under the surface.

to stick close to the coast. Still, we don our Mae Wests, looped above the waist, with a long tube dangling under the armpit; they can be blown up quickly if the energy is available. We sleep with our clothes on, taking off only coat and shoes. A Mae West or a Kapock coat would be of little avail in present heavy seas and cold water—unpleasant thought, but sleep comes quickly.

Sept. 1 (Tuesday) About 0300 I was awakened by a howling gale. Sleep was impossible and I began to have that queasy feeling in the stomach. Odds and ends of furniture crashed about, and bulkheads groaned and crackled like biscuit-tins as the fuel oil shifted back and forth below the cabin. The reverberations seemed to be the result of crashing seas on the deck above, and it appeared likely that we should take the final dive at any moment. But about 0800, the Doc. came down and comforted me with the information that the thunders came from the oil below, not from the water above.

No breakfast, and feeling miserable. Apparently half the ship's company are affected; tried some bovril for lunch, plus a biscuit, but no good; only an apple stayed down. Around 1000 I pulled myself together and climbed on deck, to find the sun shining, which cheered things up no end; when down below I had imagined inky blackness and a hurricane.

Holding tight to the life-line, I finally made the bridge, and, despite the occasional forty-five-degree roll I managed to enjoy the first sight of the convoy as we caught up with it—twenty-two ships, with two laggards in the distance, proceeding at a speed that seemed desperately slow. As Senior Escort we took up position in the van (with the "Pole" in the rear), and then communicated with the Commodore's ship, which had its station in the centre of the line—a disreputable and ancient Norwegian three-master. Corvette "O" signalled that Number 83 had kept navigation lights on for an hour during the previous night and had "behaved in a suspicious manner"; asked if she might machine-gun her if this happened again, the Captain replied tersely: "Use any means necessary."

We are moving slowly into the submarine zone, and the convoy crawls like a caterpillar travelling sideways. At this rate, no wonder there are losses. If the weather improves we should make better time. What a shame that speedier merchant vessels were

not built in time of peace! We zigzag slowly, which increases the violent motion of the ship. There was one U-boat alarm, but apparently the Asdic had located a whale.

The keen air of the bridge improved my health, and I managed a substantial supper. The ship is still rolling horribly, and the oil tanks continue to groan and crackle, but I hope to get some sleep. From all appearances we shall be another twelve days at sea, which is tough on all, since they count on a few days shore leave.

Sept. 2 (Wednesday) Sea calmer, although rough enough; still, we had sun during the morning. I stayed on the bridge until "Action Station" exercises at noon. A Flying Fortress circled us several times and we exchanged signals. The laggard convoy is now making better speed, but still slow; a cursed nuisance, yet what a handsome sight it makes—twenty-two ships strung out in a broad horizontal line, escorted by destroyers and corvettes.

Noon. The glass is falling like a stone, which indicates more nasty weather. It was almost impossible to sleep last night because of the roll, for the bunk has no protective rails or netting, and to relax is to be bounced out. "Snotty" is still ill with curious stomach pains which the Doc ascribes to sea-sickness. The Chief is recovering and "Guns" looks less biliously green.

1430. Glass is still dropping; it is much rougher; rain and mist sometimes hide the convoy completely, whereupon we reduce speed till it reappears. By 1800 sea has increased, and by supper time the furniture is moving about perilously. Fortunately, I feel in good shape and can eat wolfishly, despite chairs and dishes rushing about as though suddenly imbued with some magic stimulus; once the entire mess were catapulted in a body towards the settee, all looking very foolish as they embraced one another. I should hate to think of depth charges running amuck on our after-deck.

It was hard going to the bridge; since the communicating bulkheads are sealed for safety's sake, there is no interior passageway, and one must slip along the deck with the aid of a rope-loop attached to a pulley on the life-line which runs along the side of the ship. (An electric alarm bell near the aft-ladder may be pressed for "man overboard.") There's an eerie atmosphere about the bridge at night; when it is really rough there is a certain feeling of helplessness, which disappears as soon as the sun rises. Conversa-

tion is in whispers; ghostly figures clump here and there, but most of the time, except for the wind and the sea, there is a queer kind of silence as the watch tries to penetrate the blackness. About 1100 No. 1 sighted a dark object on the starboard bow, and began to stalk her; then there appeared another black lump, and another. We were running down our own convoy. A glance at the magnetic compass soon showed that our Sperry Gyro was 180 degrees out. In a fog, that might have meant collision and worse.

Sept. 3 (*Thursday*) A bad night, with gale increasing; no one could sleep properly. The movement did not make me sea-sick; it was simply impossible to lie in the bunk without holding to the rail, and there were no side lashings. A hammock would have been far more comfortable. The oil below roared madly as the ship rolled and staggered, and the bulkheads crackled.

Ate a fair breakfast, but everyone was a bit depressed. The convoy is just about standing still—and we are hardly more than three hundred miles from Ireland. According to No. 1, if the weather fails to improve, we might have to turn back through lack of oil. I have never seen such waves, and, to add to misfortune, the wind is against us. The stern is sometimes completely submerged, as we slip over the crest, balance precariously for a moment, and then slither down in a mixture of green spume and white lather. For a time the upper deck was closed to pedestrians, and watch-keepers had to telephone the bridge, so that the ship could be put ahead to enable them to go forward. I was thoroughly soused by a wopping big fellow which arched over the rail and came flooding up the deck. By leaping on a depth charge, I managed to save a few dry spots at the expense of my seat which was exposed to the backwash; so now I am wearing the Chief's pants whilst the other pair dries in the boiler room.

We had to turn around, about 1400, having lost the convoy. Decks were cleared, and bulkhead doors closed to prevent following seas from pouring in. After ten or fifteen minutes we found the ships, rather badly scattered, and once more got on our course. In such weather it is almost impossible for a convoy to keep formation. On the bridge the gale is terrific, and the sea resembles ranges of mountains moving to Mahomet. Still, the sun shines in spurts and the wind is fading a little.

At about 1600 the dot-dash signal rang out "Action Stations"

—enemy aircraft. Everyone scurried up from the wardroom where we were having tea; I grabbed my non-sinkable watch-coat and tailed along. In little more than two minutes, ratings removed the primers from the depth-charges, so that near-misses or machine-gun bullets would not set them off on deck. In the heavy seas this was a ticklish job, accomplished with incredible speed and dexterity. As it happened, it turned out to be one of our own planes—a silver Liberator which eventually signalled its identity, circled and flew away.

My cabin is a wreck; sometimes the watch-coat, which hangs from the ceiling, swings out parallel to the normal horizontal, like Charlie Chaplin's watch in the *Great Dictator*. It looks like another bad night. "Snotty" is still sea-sick; thank God I am spared that discomfort. Wireless from England reports that we are being shadowed by U-boats.

Sept. 4 (Friday) 0800. First bath at sea, and needed. Bumpy night, although I got some sleep and should get more tonight since Stanley has put up lashings—very nautical and intricate, along the starboard side of the bunk. The mountainous waves (which the Captain has been cursing) are away down, and the glass is rising.

Eight ships of the convoy fell behind during the night and three corvettes have been sent to shepherd them back to the flock. (By 1530, four had returned, along with escort; two more are on the way, and two are adrift, which may mean they are lost.) The Sub-Lieutenant told me that his father, with the Commodore on board, left his convoy behind last July, and was never heard of again.

Towards 1100 the barometer began to fall again—dark clouds, rising sea and threatening bad tempers. The Captain thinks that it is only a secondary depression, and that things may not reach yesterday's evil extremes. The sun poked out about 1530, then came mist and rain, followed by more sun. The seas are rough, but not mountainous. We are now outside aircraft escort and shall not pick it up again until planes based on Newfoundland meet us.

The food continues to be extremely good—only at tea is there any lack of imagination, as exemplified by the recurring rock-cake; today we had eggs. In decent weather, it's a good life; most of the chaps read a good deal, while No. 1 conducts classes in his electrical

specialties such as Asdic, or supervises technical classes in seamanship and navigation for O.D.'s and A.B.'s.

After "Action Stations" at 1100, the small guns, Oerlikon and pom-poms were cleaned of rain by firing a few rounds; the 4.7's" and the 3" were wiped at the muzzles to get rid of salt spray which eats into every metal object. Curiously enough, the glass windbreak on the bridge is not affected.

Captain thinks the trip will take fourteen days at present rate, although we have speeded up a bit. We have still, thank Heaven, 75 per cent of our oil left; yesterday we burned seventeen tons. The barometer goes up and down, and most of us have lost faith in it; the wind is rising, but there is spotty sunshine; the ship continues to roll monstrously and speed remains very slow, which depresses everyone. By midnight the seas were so heavy that going forward to the bridge became something of an adventure. At times, the waves cover the waist to a depth of three or four feet. Zigzagging, of course, increases the roll, since it puts the ship into the trough.

Sept. 5 (*Saturday*) A bad night despite the lashings on the bunk; too rough to relax; I did not get any sleep until about 2 A.M., and after that, only fitfully. Glass is rising, but it is still windy. The laggards are slowly catching up, with the exception of one tanker which developed engine trouble during the night and had to put back to England on one engine.

Meanwhile, we curse the sea, from Captain down; the latter is "fed up" with the elements and the convoy; even the Commodore used strong language in his last signal. I understand the commodores get six weeks' leave after a to-and-fro trip; they deserve it.

Have just read the latest Admiralty signal—twelve subs. in our area. The Captain has so far in his career "done in" two, and lusts for more. 1800, getting rough again.

Shortly before 0200, "Guns" wakened me for the Middle Watch[5] and I clambered out painfully, putting on coat and shoes. We stood on the quarter-deck for about five minutes to get our eyes accustomed to the darkness, then walked forward to the ladders and climbed to the bridge. It was a black night, no moon and a

[5]On the *Harvester*, watches were limited to two hours instead of the traditional four.

little mist; only with difficulty could I make out the leading convoy ship. There is an awful tendency to go to sleep at this hour; the bridge is a peaceful spot, a queer sort of island floating in the mists above the water; we spoke in whispers. Our watch was relieved at four, and I turned in, to sleep until nearly nine.

Sept. 6 (Sunday) Slept in, and had a corned beef sandwich instead of breakfast, plus a lime-juice. There is a quiet swell, with southwest wind, misty and bits of rain. I had hardly reached the bridge when signal came through, "U-boats in vicinity." A corvette came tearing out of the mist on the port side to repeat the signal in more detail. The Captain was called from his bridge cabin; depth charges were set, and H.E. shells placed on the trays of the forward 4.7". We all peered over the windshield, the Captain hoisting himself on the Asdic cabinet to make sure that the shells were in the trays. Visibility was limited to about 200 yards; if the mist had suddenly lifted we should in all probability have met the U-boats face to face. Either by good luck or bad, remarked the Captain, who remained an unmoved stoic throughout, we had travelled into a nest of them; he was inclined to doubt, in view of the bad visibility, that they could have picked us up. As we drew closer to the estimated enemy position, there was growing tension; apart from bare commands there was no conversation; speed was increased to nearly twenty knots, and we plunged ahead waiting for the moment when one or both should appear and the forward gun would blast forth; if he dived, depth-charges were in waiting. No. 1 watched the Asdic. He was feverish in his desire to get a sub., although completely calm in the arrangements he made. The Captain grinned ferociously from time to time, as though he smelled his prey, and peered over the wind-break. Unhappily, the signals faded and since we could not leave the convoy to pursue, the track was lost. Action had seemed so close; we were prepared for it, and then there was the let-down. It is a curious sensation to feel yourself near the presence of the enemy, without seeing him; how dependent we are on waves of sound, and the magic devices which transmute them; even for the Ordinary Seaman, science has revolutionized war at sea.

Snoozed for awhile in the afternoon; thence to bridge. We are doing about nine knots in a quiet sea, zigzagging ahead of the convoy like a ghost ship. Visibility is limited to about 100 yards.

At times fog-horns were sounded on the wings to give convoy position. There is, of course, always the chance that German ear-phones may pick up the notes, but the danger of a convoy scattering, with risk of collision, is even greater.

No. 43, a tanker, is missing, and Commodore was informed. Admiralty signals that two subs. are shadowing us, so our whereabouts must be known. The usual practice is to summon the rest of the pack, and with sufficient light and opportunity they attack in their own good time—usually from the surface. They are bound to score some hits, and possibly lose one or two submarines. The submarine depends chiefly on hydrophones, but for really accurate bearings it needs actually to sight the convoy.

Meanwhile, we kept moving through the fog in rather ragged order, with the two reported wolves skulking at our heels. For a moment, at 1800, the sun shone through the mist with an unearthly light—a sort of Heavenly City effect, exceedingly beautiful. There was plenty of fun at supper, and the tension of the morning dissipated itself in warming ribaldry.

Sept. 7 (Monday) Middle Watch again; misty, colder, but fairly smooth. "Guns" brought up biscuits and cheese, and the regular cocoa was forthcoming. There was one alarm but after investigation it became clear that the alarm was caused by porpoises. More than once the look-out has given the alarm when a white streak seemed to indicate the approach of a torpedo; on each occasion, however, the terrifying object turned out to be a porpoise. Captain appeared about 0330 and looked things over. To bed, following lime-juice with "Guns" in the wardroom.

Had breakfast about 0900. In the afternoon, the mist lifted, and the convoy suddenly burst into view again; the wind is increasing. "R" (corvette) reported a submarine in the vicinity, prepared to attack and dropped a few depth-charges, which shook us a little; but apparently the attack failed. There are still plenty of subs. around, but no trace reaches our phones.

Owing to the critical fuel situation, an American destroyer will join us tonight, thus allowing the Polish destroyer to go direct to port to refuel. The relieving escort should take over, I am told, probably on Thursday.

There was much hilarity at dinner time. When I finally left the table and went to my cabin to prepare my broadcast for the

following evening, the effects of two cigars were too much, and I had to crawl on deck to get air; after a short nap, I worked till 2400. Discovered that during my doze, No. 1 had tied, with elaborate knots of green ribbon, a baby's nipple to my trousers—how he managed it without my awakening is beyond me.

Sept. 8 (*Tuesday*) An uncomfortable night—heavy seas, and few of us slept really well. During the night, the U.S. station signalled that two subs. were shadowing us astern, and Admiralty ordered a change of course, which was dexterously accomplished by the Captain.

No. 83, which had fallen astern and was temporarily lost, was picked up by the incoming U.S. destroyer. (No. 82 is still missing, as well as No. 43.) With the new arrival, the "Pole" showed a clean pair of heels, and went tearing off at twenty knots for more oil. She should rejoin us about Saturday.

The Captain remarked that unlike 1914-18, and the one year 1939, no ship tries to get ahead of its convoy and make a sneak for port. The life of the lone ship is too tenuous, and in case of trouble there are no companions to pick up survivors. The chances of small boats being found in these waters are not great.

The great change in U-boat tactics is the surface attack by four, five or more, usually at night or early morning. One U-boat can accomplish little, but four or five are almost sure to score.

Middle Watch; misty, cold and fair visibility. Turned in after cocoa and beef sandwiches, which we pinched from the pantry.

Sept. 9 (*Wednesday*) Fairly heavy seas, but becoming calmer; alternating sunshine and cold. Despite the groans of the Chief, we have been instructed to oil at sea from one of our own tankers which has oil to spare.

Lunch was fairly grim; everyone is fed up with the weather. Spirits revived when someone read extracts from *Atlantic Battle*, a book by a London journalist. The wardroom howled with delight or rage at the worst sentimentalities.

It rained heavily in the afternoon for two hours, but it was good to escape from the murky wardroom with its heavy-eyed pontoon players, and get freshened up on the bridge; the rain was cold and stung the face. Seas were fairly heavy, and oiling was postponed. There is really no need for it, since we still have 40 per cent of our stock intact.

It grew colder towards night, with light seas. It was a sinister Sherlock Holmes sort of night, with eerie winds which made strange noises in the rigging; even a single sub. would be a frightening visitor. To be torpedoed on a sunshiny day would be endurable; but on a pitch-black, cold night with good-sized waves it is a most forbidding thought. It is curious how on certain nights there is a feeling of complete serenity, or forgetfulness, and on others, tension and concern. The signals officer spent five days in an open boat, after being torpedoed in a tanker, and was lucky to be picked up. "Snotty" spent 1½ years in tankers, carrying petrol as well as oil, and his luck held. He was sixteen when he began in 1939.

Sept. 10 (*Thursday*) Bright sunshine in the morning raised everyone's spirits, and No. 1 had the crew at work scraping paint and cleaning up generally. There was an autumn tingle in the air, and even breakfast became an hilarious occasion—dear old "Guns" grinning like a kind owl, and the Chief smirking at the Doc's worst puns.

Went below with No. 1 to see the hidden machinery of the Asdic; thence to stern hatch to watch "Guns" supervise the rum ration. It was best Jamaica, and very warming. Out of a crew of 180, some 93 take the rum tot, the remainder getting threepence apiece instead. Since the tot must have been worth at least 2 shillings in any pub., temperance, not profit, must have been the motive of those who took cash.

From the bridge, the convoy presented a beautiful sight in the bright sunshine. Five ships were still missing, but the smoke of two stragglers was visible in the distance. Two are definitely lost, and must pursue their own perilous course without protection.

In the afternoon news came that the convoy immediately behind us had been attacked in the early afternoon by U-boats, and that some ships were lost.[6] They had apparently run into the same nest that we rode through.

Back to the bridge, following supper, during which No. 1 took a certain amount of chaffing for his new orders, which require a salute for the quarter-deck and more respect for senior officers. Having been "razzed" myself for wearing the old school tie with a

[6]One of these was H.M.C.S. *Ottawa*.

coloured shirt and collar I switched to uniform again, although at sea, on a destroyer, one can get away with almost anything.

Returned to bridge at 2100. U-boat signals have been picked up; they were transmitting to home bases regarding fuel, position, and weather. (These signals are rushed to the bridge, or transmitted to the Captain in his sea cabin.) I went down at 2300 leaving the bridge to the Sub-Lieutenant and "Snotty"; a destroyer and 180 men were in the charge of a youth of twenty-one and a boy of eighteen. Even without a convoy some 4,000 yards behind, this was no ordinary responsibility.

Sept. 11 (*Friday*) Sky overcast and the wind rising. Signals indicate that the convoy astern of us was attacked again last night. Uneventful day. At supper we had bad beef, which had to be washed down with a half-pint followed by Madeira. About 2200, I left the smoke-filled joss-house (the wardroom) and climbed on deck; groped my way forward, past the depth-charges lashed to their cradles and beyond the second funnel, thence up the triple ladders on which I had swayed so often during this trip. On the bridge the usual ghostly figures were huddled around the binnacle in the half-dusk of the northern lights. There were no shivering banners, merely a steady glow which touched the undulating surface of the sea, and sparkled like a school of tiny phosphorescent sea fish. We had taken up night positions and the convoy had armoured sides.

Sept. 12 (*Saturday*) Almost a calm sea; there were ripples on the surface, not waves. The convoy was a picture in striking water-colours, with spars and rigging etched against the blue-green of the sea. For the first time in ten days, it was in column; the Captain congratulated the Commodore, who, as usual, signalled back: "I concur."

On days such as this, one can smell the sea, and it is without menace. A Digby flew overhead, and then raced away to look for submarines. Subs. are easy to spot in calm seas; even the wake from a periscope would show up a long way. According to present plans we meet the new escort tomorrow morning, then drive for port at twenty knots.

One sub. has been reported near us, but transmissions are weak. The U-boats have probably forsaken the Banks area in numbers

and have gone farther east, now that the Yanks are escorting their ships, with planes and warships.

We changed course at noon to make rendezvous with the approaching escort. The Commodore blew his fog-horn to initiate the movement, followed by the starboard ship; it was a pretty sight to watch them turn in line. About 0830 we heard depth-charges in the distance, probably "P". No reports.

At nine, went forward to the mess deck to play tombola, all the officers being invited. It is the Navy's "housie-housie." I played one hand and then left after investing a half crown in the midshipman, who lost.

Sept. 13 (Sunday) "Action Stations"—the dash-dash-dash for subs.—rang about 0830; I grabbed my coat and dashed for the bridge, only to find we had nearly run down one of our own corvettes, which had gone off its course. The Captain apologized for waking me—a gibe at my sleep-laden eyelids. It was a close call, for the guns were ready in response to the warning, and if recognition had not been immediate we would have fired.

The fog lay around, thick as a blanket, and fog-horns groaned out the whereabouts of the Commodore and his wings. The new escort was in the immediate vicinity, and signalled us in code; but by the time the message had been decoded we had slipped two or three miles past them. In view of the possibility of collision in such deep fog, it seemed silly to send signals in code. Meanwhile, as we tried to make contact, the scene on the bridge provided a fascinating study in modern scientific control. Radio telephone failed, and W.T. was not certain; but eventually one of our corvettes got a reply by visual signal, and forwarded our wireless messages. So we said good-bye to the Commodore in his seedy looking three-master, and broke away, heading for port at thirteen knots, with the corvettes in the lead. We never once saw the incoming escort, so thick was the fog. Under ordinary circumstances, we should have used the costen gun to fire over the convoy papers, but this little drama had to be forgone.

We stayed at around thirteen knots until 1800, when the fog began to lift, and we were able to increase speed; tomorrow morning we should reach harbour. To bed about 2330 after packing my kit bag; tied on my Mae West for the last time, this year at least.

Sept. 14 (*Monday*) A cold bath at 0730, since cook had just started the galley fires. But on deck it was a warming sight to see the land again—rough, bold hills, steep cliffs and tiny islands. We went through the boom in line, our own ship leading, and tied up by an oiler just inside the harbour. Here all the escorts gathered, like chicks around an old hen, and for the first time I had a chance to see the companions of our Atlantic journey. There were Fighting French with red top-notches on their blue tams, jabbering away in true Breton style; Poles, sturdy and cheerful—most of them, soldiers turned into sailors, and good seamen they have proved themselves; Americans in khaki summer uniforms, and our own British and Canadians, undistinguishable unless one examined the buttons.

At 0920 came a signal that the Admiral's plane was leaving in ten minutes. It was worth a try, and although the motor boat was not ready to start until 0930, I made hasty farewells, climbed over the side, and with "Snotty" at the wheel, dashed off in a cloud of spray which soon sent me to cover. The jetty was a ramshackle gallery, tacked to the side of a roofed depot. I scrambled out with care, worked my perilous way to land, stopped a truck and got a ride to the aerodrome. Fortunately, the plane was delayed, so there was plenty of time for the ratings to bring up the baggage. I said good-bye to "Snotty," and shortly afterwards the *Blue Goose* took to the air. I had a last glimpse of the ship as we circled the harbour before heading westward and home.

POSTSCRIPT

March, 1943

In dusky morning light the *Harvester* wallowed in a gentle sea. During the night her port propeller shaft had been damaged when she rammed and sank a U-boat; going ahead at 12 knots on one engine, the strain had been too great and the starboard shaft had broken. A corvette had been summoned back to give assistance, and already her smoke was visible on the horizon as the first torpedo struck. There was no panic; hardly more than a slight tingle of excitement, as the Captain looked aft and called out "abandon ship." On the upper deck men went about their tasks unhurriedly, knocking the slips off Carley floats and preparing the whalers. "Snotty's" cheerful grin was in broad evidence over the bent heads of his men as they worked on the number one raft.

"Guns" pungent humour advertised the fact that someone might get wet. "No. 1" had gone below when, hardly a minute after the first, the second torpedo struck.

Harvester reared up for a moment, and then split in half, the forecastle and the stern slowly settling. On the surface, five Carley rafts, a few float nets, and sundry pieces of wreckage rocked on the swell. "Doc" fought his way to the surface (for he had been blown from the deck far under the water), and away from the forecastle, which seemed to keep bearing down on him. The icy water caught at his lungs and numbed his limbs as he swam slowly to a raft already filled with survivors who had escaped the second blast. He grasped a life-line beside the Sub-Lieutenant. Of the Captain and "No. 1" there was no sign; the Chief Engineer was safe but wounded. "Guns" had reached another raft some one hundred yards away.

They saw the corvette race in, and destroy the U-boat which had risen to the surface to survey its handiwork. If death had to come this was a fitting curtain to the months and months of cruel, painfully exacting, and sometimes unbearably monotonous toil on the North Atlantic. The Sub-Lieutenant's fingers slipped from the life-line; Doc followed. A few minutes before the triumphant corvette bore down to the rescue, "Guns" died too.[8]

SIR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS AND HIS TIME[1]

PELHAM EDGAR

MISS POMEROY'S adequate and entertaining narrative biography possesses and lacks many qualities that we usually associate with the organized story of a great man's life. It would be possible to cavil at its lack of critical discrimination, its failure to relate Roberts in any large way with the movements of his time, its episodic fullness and its dearth of general conclusions. Yet these negative features in the book do not seem greatly to matter. A living and lovable figure emerges from her pages, and we attune ourselves readily to the full confidence of the author's assumptions and to her unquestioning belief in the high importance of her theme.

For the future will recognize even more than we are willing to do that Roberts was a pivotal figure, a musical hinge around which our poetry first began to revolve. Our younger poets of today may not recognize their debt, for it is the time-honoured privilege of youth to repudiate its own ancestry and overleap the generations; but in the long perspective of history the pervasive quality of Roberts' influence will be recognized at its true importance.

I

The relation between great performance and its engendering causes remains obscure. We observe the results, and at best we can make some sort of rough equation between these and the known facts of a career. There are shaping causes of course, but these presuppose material that is capable of being shaped; and here all the complexities of heredity confront us, involving also the quality of the brain, the nervous system, the glands, and all that concatenation of physiological and spiritual circumstance which finds its consummation in the total personality. We do not propose to weigh down this slight study of a man's work by such far-reaching considerations. The difficulties of assessing them are much too great, and we must satisfy ourselves with a less ambitious attempt to estimate the importance of Roberts' achievement and the circumstances that governed his development. Our initial premise

[1] *Sir Charles G. D. Roberts: A Biography*, by E. M. POMEROY. Toronto, Ryerson, 1943, $4.50.

is that in the child of eight months who was moved from the parish of Douglas to the Westcock parsonage in 1860 there was malleable and sensitive clay that was capable of being shaped into significant form.

Roberts' father, Canon George Goodridge Roberts, was a man of genuine distinction in everything but the worldly sense, and he was without question the most potent personal influence that entered into the son's life. He sympathized to the full with his early developed literary ambitions, and lived far down the years of his mature achievement. In 1936, thirty-one years after his death, the son ended a biographical note in a commemorative volume with these words: "These are the bare statistical facts in the life of a man who, by virtue of his intellectual and spiritual gifts supported by outstanding physical vigour, might have achieved any degree of worldly advancement. But he was without worldly ambition. The endless and absorbing duties of a parish priest left him no time to cultivate his personal talents, except his supreme talent of helpfulness. He took no thought for his own advantage. He stood firmly for the right as he conceived it, but he was without taint of bigotry or intolerance. He was strong,—no one ever leaned on him to be let down. He was gentle, compassionate,—none came to him in trouble to go away uncomforted. He held the almost passionate devotion of his family, the love and esteem of all who came in contact with him. To me, his eldest son and through life his closest friend, intimate to his every strength and weakness, he has left the memory of the wisest, kindest, most wholly admirable man whom I shall ever know."

Writing blood flowed in the veins of his mother, who was by descent of the Concord family of Bliss from which Ralph Waldo Emerson was sprung. Her older sister Sophie was the mother of Bliss Carman, and another sister the mother of Andrew and Barry Stratton. If there is a choice to be made between the proverbial silver spoon and the golden pen there can be no doubt as to which instrument was in the mouths of all the Roberts' children to the third generation.

Thus far the hereditary elements, which shaped themselves throughout boyhood in the tidal reaches and breezy uplands of the beautiful Tantramar region. Wordsworth's *Prelude* is high and sufficient evidence of the part that Nature may play throughout the impressionable years in shaping the poetic mind,—an influence

the more enduring because consciousness does not enter into the process. In Roberts we find the same zestful irresponsibility of delight that marked the greater poet's boyhood, and it does not weaken the case if we admit that many another youth may have shared these raptures with no evidences of the fact in after years.

Civilization in Canada is a fringe that borders on the wilderness, and backwoodsmanship with us is a lesson that may be easily learned. If the naturalist was innate in Roberts as he is in most healthy boys, opportunities for cultivating his instinct were near at hand, and always with the tang of wildness and even of danger to give zest to the adventure. The depth of his impressions may be judged by their tenacity. Scores of years later and thousands of miles away he could find the evocative phrase that recreated in detailed minuteness or imaginative suggestion the features of this countryside he had so passionately loved. There is save for *The Iceberg* not much of the sea in Roberts and little of the mountains, but there is always the movement of tides, the flow of river currents, and the sharp tang of the Canadian forest.

When Roberts was fourteen his father became rector at Fredericton, and the boy entered the collegiate school of that town. Here the head master was George R. Parkin; and now a second personal influence of strength came into the life of the young Roberts, which his cousin Carman shared. Dr Parkin, as many remember him, was a man of vast enthusiasms and untiring energy, whose mental range, more wide than deep, was never beyond the scope of boyish appreciation. He succeeded in stimulating the lads as no pedant ever could have done, and it is pleasant to think of the three making hill and valley ring with spouted hexameters and fragments of Atalanta choruses. This contact was for Roberts a reinforcement of his earlier home initiation into poetry, and a continuation too, yet with some divergence, of his father's political counsels. The sense of Canadian nationality, however, was stronger in Canon Roberts than in Parkin, and the son's future acclaim of Canadian unity can here be traced to its source. The Parkin type of Imperial federation never gained his adherence.

Of the formal education received both at the collegiate school, and during his three years (1876-1879) at the University of New Brunswick, there is not a great deal to be said. The staffs were not noteworthy in the scholarly sense, and we may assume that the standards were not, on a comparative estimate, high. The

general line of Roberts' advance was in the direction of the Greek and Roman classics, and English literature especially on its poetic side. There is much evidence to show that he steeped himself in Shelley, Keats, Arnold, Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne, and that he was sympathetically familiar with the work of Longfellow, Emerson, and Sidney Lanier. That he was equally enthusiastic about the poetry of Heavysege, Sangster, and Charles Mair is not apparent. So far as Canadian poetry was concerned it was non-existent, and when the urgency to express himself first stirred his mind he felt that he was writing upon a clean page. He probably had the ambition to be the first poet of his country, but strong though his Canadianism then, as always, was, it did not occur to him that any virtue attached to being Canadian in his poetry. Yet we cannot blame him if under the spell of the romantic poets he essayed to capture the spirit and the tone of their work in the field of Grecian legend. These were the men who first inspired him, and he might have found worse masters. Upon analysis there is nothing markedly slavish in his imitation, and it was decidedly something more than a mere practising of scales.

Marsyas was one of the latest of this group, written when he was beginning to strain at the leash of his King's College professorship. It was in 1891, if memory serves, that the editors of *Varsity* in the University of Toronto, were advised of the fact that Professor Charles G. D. Roberts would favourably consider the offer of the vacant chair in English in that University. The support of the editors was solicited, accompanied by the tempting bait of the poem *Marsyas*. As no equal inducement was forthcoming from Professor Alexander, the official favourite for the chair, there could be no question of where the sympathies of the young editors lay. The poem was published, and Roberts remained at King's for another four years. Of the persuasive power of the lines there could be no doubt, but the selecting board had wax in their ears or had not read the issue.

> The thin airs wash, the thin clouds wander by,
> And those hushed listeners move not. All the morn
> He pipes, soft-swaying, and with half-shut eye,
> In rapt content of utterance,—nor heeds
> The young god standing in his branchy place,
> The languor on his lips, and in his face,
> Divinely inaccessible, the scorn.

II

School-teaching at Chatham and Fredericton, with a brief but interesting interlude as editor of Goldwin Smith's *The Week*, filled the years between his graduation and 1885. Verse was still the main pre-occupation of his leisure hours. *Orion* had appeared in 1880. His next published volume of 1886, *In Divers Tones*, marked the close of his apprenticeship, his weaning from classical themes, and the beginning of that faithful rendering of the Canadian scene which with few intermissions has characterized his poetry throughout his long career. None of our poets had hitherto shown the combination of passionate observation under sure artistic control that is revealed in the resonant dactylic hexameters of *Tantramar Revisited.*

> Miles on miles beyond the tawny bay is Minúdie
> There are the low blue hills; villages gleam at their feet.
> Nearer a white sail shines across the water, and nearer
> Still are the slim, grey masts of fishing boats dry on the flats.
> Ah, how well I remember those wide red flats, above tide-mark
> Pale with scurf of the salt; seamed and baked in the sun!
> Well I remember the piles of blocks and ropes, and the net-reels
> Wound with the beaded nets, dripping and dark from the sea!
> Now at this season the nets are unwound; they hang from the rafters
> Over the fresh-stowed hay in upland barns, and the wind
> Blows all day through the chinks, with the streaks of sunlight and
> sways them
> Softly at will; or they lie heaped in the gloom of a loft.

Roberts' professorship at King's College, Windsor, covered the ten years between 1885 and 1895. It is interesting to note that he taught English, French, and Political Economy, and in his last two years he wrote his *History of Canada*. Poetically too, the period was as productive as one might expect considering the inroads on his creative hours, and covered the publication of *In Divers Tones*, the *Ave* ode, and *Songs of the Common Day*. It is worth noting that for the first time in his life he now felt the stimulus of friendly poetic rivalry, for Carman and Hovey were frequent guests at his Kingscroft house. Roberts speaks of such a visit in the summer of 1892.[2]

> We were all three very much in earnest that summer, all three engaged on some of our most important work. Hovey was composing "Seaward," his great elegy on the New England poet, Thomas William Parsons. . . . Carman

[2] *Dalhousie Review*, April, 1930.

was at work on his Shelley memorial poem "The White Gull." . . . For my own part, I was writing ardently on the "Ave," my own tribute to the adored memory of Shelley. During those days of ecstatic self-absorption, we were given to prowling apart and treating each other with an understanding aloofness which was somewhat puzzling to those about us. But in the evening we would foregather again and produce for mutual commendation and criticism (the commendation greatly predominating) what the day's travail had brought forth.

An unprejudiced view might have considered Roberts' life to have settled into a permanent groove as the years at King's College slipped pleasantly by. He was married and comfortably housed with a bevy of young children about him. He had the satisfaction of feeling that he was a stimulating influence upon his students. His literary position was being steadily consolidated, and his name was beginning to count in the larger world of letters. Yet poets are always unpredictable. We have noted the tentative effort to make a change in 1891. In 1892 his restlessness is more marked, and letters to Carman show how strongly the urgency for wider horizons had seized his imagination. "Get away we must. Have change we must. Readjust the focus of life we must. We must soar out of our present fetters. . . . I hunger and thirst fiercely for escape."

The break was not to come until three more years had passed. In 1895 he resigned his chair, and made the romantically unexciting move to Fredericton where he hoped to earn his living by his pen. A year and a half showed him the impracticability of this step. In 1897 the break was made. In February of that year Roberts went to New York as assistant editor of *The Illustrated American*, having taken the decision "to pipe for those that pay the piper." Twenty-eight years were to pass before he again made Canada his settled home.

III

He was now a citizen of the world at large, yet though he was to roam wide and far his journeyings made curiously little impression on his literary career. One notes regretfully a slackening in his poetic output. Two volumes of no large compass, *New York Nocturnes* and *The Book of the Rose*, represent the full product of twenty-three years, at the close of which his silence was broken by a slender volume of forty-three pages, *New Poems*. New York and love were responsible for one-half of the first named book. His New Brunswick memories went to the making of the other and

better half. *The Book of the Rose* was also a mixed product, half of it given to memory and half to real or imagined love. There was evidently no soil in the streets of a great modern city where Roberts' thoughts and feelings could take root and thrive, and his love poetry was only a passing phase of his life's activity.

Valuing his poetry as we do we must regret this long surcease, but we can account for it on good and sufficient grounds. Roberts' sense of artistic responsibility was keenly developed in poetry. Always solicitous of perfection he refused to exercise the technical mastery that was his except under the urgency of a prevailing mood. Such moods come at no poet's bidding, but he knew that some day the silence would be broken, and meanwhile he was content to let his energies flow into other channels. It was his good fortune that by this change of activity his conscience was relieved and his pockets filled.

A glance at the bibliography in Miss Pomeroy's book will reveal the strength of this activity. Scarcely a year was to pass without its forthcoming volume. Animal stories from his pen flooded the magazines, interspersed intermittently with fiction of larger scope which did not have a serial origin. His vogue was incontestable, and he would have been less or more than human to resist it.

If this was "pot-boiling" it was pot-boiling *in excelsis*, for Roberts brought both his conscience and his art to the task. It was also a labour of love, for in its exercise, whether in New York or remoter Europe, he was treading again his New Brunswick woods and recapturing the thrills of early days.

His formal fiction is not quite first-rate. His constructive skill is not of the highest order, and humanly speaking his power of invention is weak and his command of incident limited. But books that we might call "near novels," like *The Heart of the Ancient Wood* and *In the Morning of Time* have an enduring fascination. And some of the stories appearing in the animal volumes, but deviating from the theme, are works of the highest art. *The Perdu*, of *Earth's Enigmas*, is such a piece, and others might be named that possess the same haunting suggestiveness, and the same deftness of touch and unerring quality of observation.

As for the animal stories themselves it must be admitted that their never ending flow makes for monotony. While the vogue lasted their influence operated, but that influence is now dead and

the modern short story has taken on a totally new character. O concluding survey may more profitably deal with the poetry Roberts which is destined to endure all the fluctuations of tas and time. Here is no question of the ephemeral, but of the inev table, once said and said forever.

IV

Roberts, like most decent men, has probably his minor vanitie He considers himself a good woodsman, a good canoeist, an exper dancer, but his best friends have never heard him assert a clai to supremacy among Canadian poets: the founder of a movement yes, and in a sense its leader, but not necessarily its most powerfu voice. But he prides himself as a poet upon taking his art seriously and expending infinite pains in the satisfying of a most sensitiv and exacting artistic conscience. Slovenliness he will not tolerat in himself or others, and this solicitude for perfection is one of th explanations for the comparative slenderness of his poetical output through a literary career that has already exceeded sixty-three years. Whether his failure to produce anything of substantial length attaches to the same cause it is difficult to determine.

The two poems which he has come to regard as his most signifi-cant utterances happen also to be the longest that he has written. They are the *Ave* of his early prime, and *The Iceberg* produced in the Indian summer of his career as evidence of recovery from a period of depression and physical weakness. The circumstances of this recovery of spirits and its attendant renewal of creative power are amplified in Miss Pomeroy's biography.

Ave is Roberts' only effort of sustained magnificence. It is definitely in the tradition of the great odes when poets wrote with their singing robes upon them. Readers who prefer that poets should speak to them in their natural voice will find their preference in simpler examples of his art which may be met at almost every random turning of the page.

The Iceberg should meet their demand. There is magnificence here also, but it is projected with a more natural simplicity. Once we have accepted the fact that we are dealing with a very knowledgeable iceberg we can yield ourselves to the powerful stream of the poet's imagination.

The parturition throes of the berg out of the Arctic glacier are the poem's impressive opening chord.

But now, an Alp afloat,
In seizure of the surreptitious tide
Began my long drift south to a remote
And unimagined doom.
Scornful of storm,
Unjarred by thunderous buffeting of seas,
Shearing the giant floes aside,
Ploughing the wide-flung ice-fields in a spume
That smoked far up my ponderous flanks,
Onward I fared,
My ice-blue pinnacles rendering back the sun
In darts of sharp radiance;
My bases fathoms deep in the dark profound.

Southward ever, and on to the tracks of the ocean ships the berg proceeds—a strange voyage that the poet has evidently taken and which we seem to share! The *Titanic* is sunk, the weeks pass, and now shrunk to "a little glancing globe of cold" the iceberg merges "forever in the all-solvent sea."

Other types of poetry of which Roberts has given us powerful examples are short lyrics of love or nature, and meditative pieces whether in stanzaic or sonnet form where he presents a philosophy of life that is prevailingly optimistic and tinged often by a mysticism which may have originally derived from Emerson and the transcendentalists, but which he has made characteristically his own.

His nature poems have exercised more influence on subsequent writers than any other portion of his work. They are fine without exception in their qualities of observation, and simple and vital in expression. A sonnet not often quoted, *When Milking Time Is Done*, might readily have been written by Lampman at a later time.

When milking-time is done, and over all
This quiet Canadian inland forest-home
And wide rough pasture lots the shadows come,
And dews, with peace and twilight voices, fall,
From moss-cooled watering-trough to foddered stall
The tired plough-horses turn,—the barnyard loam
Soft to their feet; and in the sky's pale dome
Like resonant chords the swooping night-hawks call.

The frogs, cool-fluting ministers of dream,
Make shrill the slow brook's borders, pasture bars
Down clatter, and the cattle wander through,—
Vague shapes amid the thickets; gleam by gleam
Above the wet grey wilds emerge the stars,
And through the dusk the farmstead fades from view.

Genuine magnificence finds scope in the tight-packed fourteen lines of *In the Wide Awe and Wisdom of the Night* and its often quoted companion piece *O Solitary of the Austere Sky*. The sonnet *The Empire Speaks of Britain* is proof that his fingers have not lost the magic touch upon the keys. It has the passion and the power of the sonnets that Wordsworth dedicated more than a century ago to the cause of independence and liberty.

And so we leave our poet with much that remains unsaid. We congratulate him upon the deserved honours that have come to him in his later years. And above all we rejoice that at the close of his days his feet have found the homeward way.

REVIEWS

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES*

MALCOLM W. WALLACE

This is a very important book. It is an analysis of American foreign policy (or lack of policy) from the beginning of the nineteenth century until the present time, an evaluation of its results in the life of the nation, and a plea for a more clearly conceived policy in the future.

Mr Lippman's historical study falls naturally into two periods divided from each other by the turn of the century. The isolationist tradition in the United States has always based itself on the wisdom of the founding fathers, especially Washington and Jefferson. But in spite of Washington's objections to "permanent alliances," and Jefferson's warning against "entangling alliances," Mr Lippman is easily able to prove that throughout their lives both Presidents spent much time and thought on the securing of appropriate allies. When Jefferson in 1802 heard of France's project for purchasing New Orleans from Spain he wrote to the American Minister in Paris: "The day that France takes possession of New Orleans . . . from that day, we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation—for holding the two continents of America in sequestration for the common purposes of the united British and American nations." It is strange to reflect that the author of these words has been quoted for a century and a half as the chief authority for the avoiding of "entangling alliances"—so much easier is it to remember a single phrase than to acquaint oneself with the whole of a man's political views. Many years later, in 1823, President Monroe consulted Jefferson as to the wisdom of making "a concert by agreement" with Great Britain. Jefferson approved warmly. "Great Britain," he said, "is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one or all on earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world." Madison was of the same opinion. "With the British power and navy combined with our own, we have nothing to fear from the rest of the world."

For reasons into which we need not enter here, the Monroe

**U.S. Foreign Policy: Shield of the Republic*, by Walter Lippman. Boston, Little, Brown and Co., 1943, $2.00.

Doctrine was promulgated not as a formal alliance with Britain but as an American proclamation. American statesmen understood perfectly that it meant American reliance on the British fleet,—that it was "a concert by agreement" and not a uni-lateral declaration of American policy. But this fact never penetrated the general consciousness of the nation. Throughout the nineteenth century the arrangement worked so satisfactorily that it is not strange that most Americans ascribed to their geographical situation their practical isolation from world politics. Foreign policy occupied the attention of the American people hardly at all, and it was perhaps inevitable that they should fail to realize how completely changed was their position in the international world after 1898—when American commitments had been widely extended, especially in the Pacific, and the unquestioned supremacy of the British fleet had passed into history.

During the present century, Mr Lippman contends, the United States has had no clearly defined and enunciated foreign policy. Accordingly it was possible for many Americans to believe that they were hoodwinked into entering the first world war—by subtle European diplomats, or by international bankers. When the war had been won they were eager to return to their isolationist role, to devote themselves whole-heartedly to disarming their late allies as well as their enemies, and to ignore the fundamental truth that the society of nations, like any other human society, must make provision for dealing with the anti-social, gangster elements which are always a potential menace to organized society. In both the United States and Britain public opinion was strongly set on ideals of disarmament and pacifism. The working alliance of the two nations throughout the nineteenth century had been so successful that the causes of the world peace which it brought about were only dimly understood, and as a result they both blundered into World War I and World War II without having made adequate preparation in the way of munitions or allies.

Most Englishmen and Americans are probably incapable of understanding in any adequate sense the statement that they have recently stood on the verge of national disaster, that for a time they faced the prospect of becoming conquered, occupied nations. Time will bring full realization, however, and it is hardly credible that we shall again deceive ourselves as to the kind of world we live in. This does not mean that we shall substitute cynicism for

idealism in world affairs. There is good ground for hoping that in the future a greater measure of co-operation and of generosity will characterize international relations than in the past. After all we have become familiar in war-time with one revolutionary idea—Lend-Lease—which will assuredly echo through the new post-war world. But we shall be more suspicious of living in a fool's paradise. It will remain true that a love of justice and co-operation and of generosity are the foundation stones of a healthy world of nations. But we shall not again imperil our very existence by ignoring the role of power in human societies: a long look over the edge of the abyss has taught us that we inhabit the kind of world in which practical wisdom is compounded of realism and idealism.

Mr Lippman's hope for the future both for his own country and for the world is based on a nuclear alliance of Britain, America, and Russia. "The formation of this nuclear alliance must in our thinking and in our action take precedence over all other considerations." Only around such an alliance of strong powers can a wider association of nations constitute itself. The lack of a definite foreign policy is in itself a national danger. Mr Lippman makes public confession of his own past shortcomings in the field of clear thinking on the subject, and his vivid, stimulating presentation of his theme contains a moral for all of us.

IN THE TRADITION OF DISSENT[1]

H. A. Innis

The name of Silberling has become associated with the history of prices, but with this book it will take a prominent place in the history of economic thought in the United States. It is a tragedy that the author died in October, 1942, after three-quarters of the proof had been read, but we are fortunate in having the printed volume. It represents the work of a lifetime and at least ten years of intensive study incidental to active participation in the forecasting of business cycles and trends. Its significance arises from a sustained effort to predict successfully trends in business for business men, for which prediction they were willing to pay. It is

[1] *The Dynamics of Business, an Analysis of Trends, Cycles, and Time Relationships in American Economic Activity since 1700 and their Bearing upon Government and Business Policy*, by Norman J. Silberling. New York, McGraw-Hill, 1943, $5.00.

literally a product of business activity. But it is tempered by the relations of the author to universities, first as an undergraduate of Harvard University and lastly as a member of the staff of Stanford University. Moreover it follows the classical traditions laid down by Adam Smith in being concerned with trends over centuries.

There are interesting parallels between the lives and the work of the two men even though the twentieth century cannot produce a *Wealth of Nations*. We may expect a return to the fashion in which contributions of enduring value are not expected in the social sciences by individuals with ages much below fifty.[2] Adam Smith completed the *Wealth of Nations* at the age of fifty-five in Scotland. Silberling completed this book at the age of fifty in California. They worked in the regional fringes of their respective periods, and the dynamic character of their approaches is probably a result of that fact. They had roots in native soil. The tendency of economic thinking in metropolitan regions to become obsessed with the static state and with the consequent impasse involved in the application of speculations concerned with the static state to the dynamic state, is avoided in their books. The closed systems which have been built up in classical economics after Adam Smith, in Marxian economics, and in the work of Keynes, Hansen and Schumpeter, will be compelled to face the challenge of this book. It is fresh evidence of the revolt against ecclesiastical economics.

This review cannot pretend to do justice to the volume. It will be sufficient to say that no business man, no farmer, no trade unionist, and no member of the civil service can afford to neglect it. The author takes advantage of the great contributions in statistical research which have been made since the last war and of detailed studies which have been concerned with the earlier periods of American economic development. With this perspective, he has been able to show the role of war, of population movements in relation to the disturbances of building and real estate booms, of railway construction, and of credit institutions in the creation of business trends. He writes with penetration of the problems involved in the international difficulties since the last war, and presents a balanced view of the contributions of New Deal legis-

[2] "The scholar is he who has found the key to knowledge and knows his way about in the world of printed books. To find this key, to learn the map of this country, requires a long apprenticeship. This is a point few men can hope to reach much before the age of forty" (Mark Pattison, *Milton*, London, 1932, 110).

lation and of its detrimental effects. New Deal literature is analysed and appraised with acumen. It will be difficult to find a better guide to the literature and the complexities of the period. It may be that New Dealers will find themselves handled with unnecessarily critical comments; but their answer must come in a volume with similar background and scope, and that will hardly appear in our time.

The reader may feel that the author makes too heavy a demand on the intelligence of the business man, the trade union leader, the farmer, and the civil servant, but only in meeting this demand can American society continue to function with economic efficiency. Sir Henry Sumner Maine[3] has pointed out that there have been only two sets of motives by which the great bulk of materials of human subsistence and comfort have been produced—those involved in economical competition and slavery. The neglect of politics and government, which has followed the absorption of energy in the study of economics, especially of money, narrows the possibilities of economical competition.[4] "Wealth may come very near to perishing through diminished energy in the motives of men who reproduce it," by taking the spirit out of labour. The effects of democratic legislation on the human motives for producing wealth in increasing quantities with labour and pain, and the consequent infallible inequality in the distribution of wealth, have not been studied. Mr Silberling makes an important contribution.

To the author the basic defect in the capitalist system "lies in the fact that loan capital has too often insisted upon the right to a return beyond the point at which its specific economic service stopped. Loan capital, like money, necessarily has a *circulating* function." He uses the illustration of the railways and governments to show the extent to which dead capital has persisted and hampered efficiency. In a sense the attack on finance capitalism parallels the attack of Adam Smith on mercantilism, and we may hope that something of the influence of Silbering will parallel the influence of Adam Smith. The prospect that such hopes may be realized is of tremendous importance to Canada. With an immature society in Canada, unable to resist the influence of imperialistic power, the future trends of the United States will determine the freedom of North America. It may be that the reviewer as a Canadian is biased in his praise of any book which offers a prospect

[3] *Popular Government* (London, 1885), 52. [4] *Ibid.*, 58.

of relief in the future, but despite bias it can be said that this is the most hopeful book in the field of economics which has appeared in the Western World.

DE QUINCEY AS A CRITIC*

M. M. KIRKWOOD

To those not familiar with the publications of the University of Michigan Press, this volume by the late Dr Sigmund Proctor may furnish an excellent introduction. It is marked by the most conscientious scholarship, both in the body of the work and in the appendix and notes added by Professors C. D. Thorpe and Paul Mueschke after the author's death. The appendix gives a supplementary survey of the most recent scholarship on De Quincey. The author's original aim was to render a more complete analysis than earlier scholars had attempted of De Quincey's critical ideas, spread as they were over nine of the volumes of the *Collected Writings* and in passages in the *Posthumous Works*. This aim was sharpened as the examination proceeded by the discovery of an unresolved conflict in De Quincey's theory. Where Miss Darbishire and others treated him as a more or less consistent romantic, resting on his famous characterization of the literature of power and on the view attributed to him that substance and form in literature are inseparable, J. H. Fowler deprecated and largely dismissed his attempts at aesthetic theory while exalting his achievements in particular criticism. Dr Proctor maintains that Miss Darbishire over-simplifies and that Fowler under-estimates, while the truth is that De Quincey is a really significant figure in the history of western criticism who just fell short of a consistent and satisfying aesthetic.

Inconsistency, paradox and anomaly are attributed to De Quincey on one main ground, that in various papers he treats literature as a fine art, appealing to and justified by the human desire for pleasure, while in others (those better known and more widely used by the critics) he maintains that power is its essence. Dr Proctor considers that it needed but a step to combine these two conceptions, a step which De Quincey never took. As a professional critic he saw literature as a kind of mind-play (this is his main position in the "Rhetoric")—while in his more serious pronounce-

**Thomas De Quincey's Theory of Literature*, by SIGMUND K. PROCTOR. Ann Arbor, The University of Michigan Press, 1943, $3.50.

ments he described it variously as manifesting either "the dark power of nature which is at the root of all things" or "the infinity of the world within me."

The virtue of Dr Proctor's elaborate documentation is that it makes clear how close De Quincey was to a truly organic view. Mind-play and pleasure are not alien to complete humanity, but are rather parts of it; and nothing less than complete humanity lies at the root of great creation in any art. According to the argument, De Quincey was prevented from realizing this by the split in his own consciousness between thought and feeling, a split induced by the study of Kant when a youth of twenty years and never healed. De Quincey is then a Kant-ridden modern who, finding the transcendental philosophy "a philosophy of destruction" (his own words), and unable to accept honestly any transmutation of rational metaphysic such as Coleridge developed, recoiled upon the feelings as a basis for belief. Only so could he keep the Christian beliefs and attitudes which were fundamental to him, beliefs and attitudes which are adopted by "the understanding heart" (his phrase) and which are similar, in their common source of experience, to the intuitions of the sublime which form the stuff of literature. In this general position, De Quincey may be related to John Henry Newman, who described the "illative sense" as alone capable of intuiting reality. Dr Proctor has a strong sympathy, it is apparent, with the modern man confronted by the dilemma between faith and knowledge, and thinks De Quincey typical in his ultimate emphasis.

In placing his subject finally, our author puts him in the line of the psychological critics, with a strong relation of debt to Wordsworth and Coleridge and with a kinship to twentieth-century thinkers like I. A. Richards. He praises him for recognizing in literature the organizing of latent feelings, and quotes the splendid passage from the essay on "The Poetry of Pope." "It is certain that, were it not for the Literature of Power,—ideals would often remain among us as mere arid notional forms; whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature, they gain a vernal life of restoration, and germinate into vital activities." It is rhythms like these which Dr Proctor echoes and co-ordinates in his book, to complete a clearer statement than had been made before about a germinal thinker in aesthetic.

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NOTES ON MILITARY WRITING

by Major W. S. Wallace

University of Toronto Contingent, C.O.T.C.

When No. 1 Canadian Army Course was launched at the University of Toronto in the autumn of 1942, one of the subjects laid down in the Curriculum was "Military Writing". This subject called for one hour a week during the academic year, and was intended to be the counterpart of the courses in "Freshman English" frequently offered in science courses, but with particular emphasis on English for military purposes.

The task of giving instruction in this course was assigned to Major W. S. Wallace, the Librarian of the University of Toronto. In giving the course, Major Wallace found that he was handicapped by the absence of any text-book in the subject, and he therefore deemed it his duty to put down on paper the result of his pioneer efforts—if only to provide what might be described as a series of precis. $1.00 postpaid.

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